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SKETCHES IN VERSE
AT HOME AND ABROAD.

R.A.M.C. HEADQUART R MESS, MILLBANK, LUNDON, S.W.I.

# NOTICES OF RECENT VOLUMES.

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Dr. McCosh wields a facile pen, and, without pretence, hits off his sketches with great freshness, force and point.—Edinburgh Darly Review.

Such a volume of verse is rare in the English language: yet the author shows no signs of weariness, no tautology, and makes out his rhymes with a happy harmony rarely to be found in these poetic times.—United Service Magazine.

A very tolerable volume of neat and sprightly verse, never without a fair degree of smartness and point: the originality of the author's reflections and the freedom with which his sentiments are expressed, make up for the want of novelty in the scenes described.—Illustrated London News.

Its versification has an easy flow, often graceful and still oftener amusing, and is frequently the vehicle of just reflections and racy graphic descriptions.—London Standard.

Dr. McCosh has been endowed with the poetic faculty; his every-day talk seems naturally to lilt in a light and tripping metre. The dullest reader will appreciate the pathos, the mingled simplicity and sublimity of these stanzas.—Glasgow Herald.

# SKETCHES IN VERSE

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AND FROM

# THE WAR OF THE NILE.

IN TEN CANTOS.

BY

JOHN MCCOSH, M.D. EDIN., F.R.C.S.E., H.E.I.C.S., F.R.G.S.L., AUTHOR OF 'NUOVA ITALIA,' ETC., ETC., ETC.

'Arma virosque cano.'

R.A.M.O. H. MOIN STER MESS,

LONDON:

JAMES BLACKWOOD & CO., LOVELL'S COURT,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

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# PREFACE.

THE present volume is the fourth of the series that, during the last twelve years, the author has presented to the public, with more or less *éclat*; the asperities and amenities of criticism being pretty nearly balanced.

Like its predecessors, it is an attempt to preserve remarkable contemporary events in verse, like insects in amber; or like strawberries picked, up from amongst weeds, in sugar. The three last cantoes are paraphrased from the despatches of the late War of the Nile.

He is well aware that the taste of the day runs after far other subjects than poetry. 'Novels! more novels!' is its cry. The British Isles are literally littered with loose leaves of novelists; and collectors of such waifs and strays eke but a precarious sub-

sistence by picking them up and carrying them to the nearest mill, where they are mashed into pulp to make new paper for new works of fiction and fantasy; and but for this process of evolution, all the old rags of all the old wives from John o'Groat's to the Land's End would be insufficient to meet the demand for raw material.

In fact, Britannia seems to have fallen away from her ancient intellectual estate, and to be grovelling in smoke, and dust, and ashes, with a golden calf for her god, an engineer for her prophet, and an army of Titans in her pay, tearing the earth to pieces to feed her furnaces, dragging down the lightning from heaven to light her workshops, whilst the masterpieces of her painters and sculptors are only valued inasmuch as she can make money by buying and selling them, and whilst the effusions of her best poets pass by her as the idle wind which she regards not—alga viliores!

However, a new era seems dawning upon the art of poetry. It is no longer confined to the shepherd and the ploughman, the weaver and the hammerman; the nobles of foreign countries, even of our own country, are found cultivating Belles Lettres! crowned heads aspire to the laurel wreath! the King of Sweden

has come out as a poet and an author! the King of Portugal is translating Shakespeare into his native tongue! the Princess of Roumania is a poetess! And if one or two of our own royal princes or princesses would, to their numerous other accomplishments, cultivate a taste for poetry, and make it fashionable, Apollo and the Muses might once again descend from Parnassus and dwell amongst men!

Under such circumstances, it would be presumptuous in the author to expect general approval of these disjointed Sketches. He is well aware of the risk of shipwreck in such a venture, but the sailor who is afraid of every rock that looms ahead on his voyage through life, had better never put to sea. Having now got a port clearance, he launches his brigantine upon the wide ocean of life, without a convoy, without a gun, and without other pilot but himself, to weather the winds and the waves unavoidable on his course, with best wishes of kind friends for a prosperous voyage.

JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE CLUB, December 1st, 1882.



# CONTENTS.

# CANTO FIRST.

Verse 1. Hobbies. 2. Contingencies of Life. 5. Assassination. 6. The Death of the Czar. 10. The Funeral of Disraeli. 15. Whigs and Tories. 18. The Comet. 24. The Parks. 31. Rotten Row. 34. The Commons. 38. Ireland under Consultation. 41. An unwelcome Member. 44. The Prorogation. 45. The Flying Scotsman. 46. Yorkshire and Lothians. 48. Auld Reekie in Arms. 49. The Volunteer Review. 56. Arthurseat astonished. 59. Sandy Macalpine. 64. The Gathering. 67. The Weather Vile. 71. The Queen's Regrets. 72. The March Past. 75. The Dispersion . 9

# CANTO SECOND.

# CANTO THIRD.

Verse I. Caithness and the St. Clairs. 3. Wick and its Herring Fleet. 7. Thurso and the Orkneys. 9. Bicycles and Tricycles. 12. Scrabster and Fishermen. 13. The Fingal and Pentland Firth. 22. Rough Weather. 23. A Floating Wreck. 26. Stornaway and Sunday. 31. The Isle of Lews. 34. The Lady of the Isle. 39. Re-embarkation. 46. A Dead Whale. 52. Skye and Port Ree. 58. Departure and Cargo. 60. Crampy Kyle Akin. 62. Mull and Toberinovy. 63. A Transhipment—The Jehangeer. 71. Staffa Columnar . 59

# CANTO FOURTH.

# CANTO FIFTH.

# CANTO SIXTH.

# CANTO SEVENTH.

# CANTO EIGHTH.

# CANTO NINTH.

Verse 1. Sir Garnet arrives. 4. A Council of War. 5. A Secret Expedition. 6. Aboo-keer. 7. Sail after Dark. 8. Enter Suez Canal. 11. Land at Ishmailia. 15. A Flank Attack. 18. The Tug of War. 19. The Sweet Canal. 22. Advancing. 24. Kassassin and Victory. 26. Halt for Supplies. 29. Front to Front. 30. The Indian Contingent. 35. The Highlanders. 37. Hopes and Fears at Home. 39. The Eve of Battle. 42. The Grand Assault. 47. A Famous Victory. 51. Guards enter Cairo . . . 190

# CANTO TENTH.

Verse 1. A Land of Goshen. 2. The Nile in Overflow. 4. Boats and Waterfowl. 5. Date Trees and Tappers. 6. The Crocodile and Ibis. 8. The Streets of Cairo. 11. The Great Pyramid. 13. Mehemet-Ali's Tomb. 16. Law and Order proclaimed. 18. The Khedive restored. 19. His Army Disbanded. 21. Sick and Wounded sent Home. 22. Surgeons and Nurses. 25. A Grand Review. 26. Thanks of Lords and Commons. 28. Blushing Honours. 29. The Grand Dispersion. 30. Joy in Fatherland. 31. Continental Opinion. 32. Grief and Shame in Constantinople. 33. The Khedive re-seated. 35. A Word for Arabi. 36. The Summum Bonum. 38. The Return of the Guards. 40. Barrack Feasts. 41. Hospitals and Wounded. 42. Poor Prospects of Pension. 43. Pleasures of Independence. 45. The Hopeless Three. 49. Indian Troopers. 54. The Empress Queen's Review . 203

# SKETCHES IN VERSE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

# CANTO FIRST.

I

All idle men in every age,
The priest, the poet and the sage,
On some pursuit themselves engage,
Or ponderous or light;
Some to sweet music lend their ears,
The painter's pencil some few cheers,
Some with devotion scan the spheres;
Our pastime is to write.

II

We've weathered well the winter drear, And groundless found our fervent fear; But many a friend upon his bier

Have we seen borne along;
So thankfully our voice we'll raise,
And to Almighty hymn our praise
In best indited paraphrase,
Whilst able still and strong.

III

We've infants seen upon the knee
Refuse their mother's milk and dee;
We've seen the youth in joyful glee
Grow sick and pass away;
We've men and women in their prime
Seen victims fall before their time;
We've seen the lordly and sublime
Succumb like common clay.

1V

A soldier in the ranks of life
We've stood, unscathed in dreadest strife,
When death's fell shafts were falling rife,
And comrades died around us;
Till the long line was thinned away,
With few survivors to this day,

All sunk in anguish and dismay,
The prospects dim that bound us.

V

But human ills were not alone
Enough for some men to atone,
For wickedness bred in the bone,
Hereditary crimes;
The knife, the bullet, or the shell,
In the assassin's clutches fell,
To free the world did passing well
In such vindictive times.

VI

Tremendous potentate! With power Almost almighty, hour by hour Drilling thy millions, round thee lour Dangers unknown, unseen; Wasting thy wealth in mighty wars, Thy name transcending that of Mars, Thy fame exalting to the stars, Magnificent thy mien!

VII

The earth was weary of thy tread,
The nations round thee lived in dread,
The serfs who ate their coarse black bread
Were weary of thy sway;
The population of the earth
Was decimated for thy mirth,
And those you spared lament thy birth
In fear and deep dismay.

# VIII

How oft has the assassin's knife
Been whetted for you? and thy life
Has oft been perilled in the strife
For conquest and thy stars.
Now Nemesis resumes her sway,
And vengeance wreaked in her strong way,
And the wide world look in dismay
Upon the murdered Czar.

IX

How very dreadful was his fate!
A victim to his people's hate!
And lying now in solemn state
Within his palace walls!
The fatal deed caused by a bomb,
Thrown by a Nihilistic groom,
Consigning him unto the tomb
Amidst intestine brawls.

 $\mathbf{x}$ 

Bleak blow the winds, dark lour the clouds,
Old Hughenden dense gloom enshrouds,
Whilst mourning gentlemen in crowds
Assemble on the lawn.
To do their duty to the dead,
Who long their fighting squadrons led,
His tongue now dumb, his spirit fled,
Now to the churchyard drawn.

ΧI

A necromancer skilled in starring,
Unequalled in the art of sparring,
Successfully for ever warring
With hostile ablest men.
Dumbfounded are his party now,
With no fit hand to hold the plough,
Their horses floundering in a slough,
Beyond their utmost ken.

# XII

Rest, Statesman! Rest! Thy warfare's o'er! The Commoners or Lords no more Will listen to thy midnight lore, And cheer your every line. In opposition or in power, . You proved yourself fit for the hour, Thy party's pride, of strength their tower, No skill could undermine.

# XIII

Now party spirit, which has raged In highest circles, is assuaged; And Whigs and Tories are engaged In rivalry benignant; Nil nisi bonum mortuis. Becomes both parties not amiss, Each greeting each one with a kiss, So lately so malignant.

# XIV

And nought is heard of the great dead But honour, heaped upon his head, And grandest eulogies are read In every morning sheet. A monument of splendour grand Is in Westminster Abbey planned. And all the noblest of the land Agree the cost to meet.

# ΧV

And Tory camps are wrapt in gloom,
Their prospects buried in thy tomb,
Their only hope hid in the womb
Of nascent future time;
Whilst Whigs are jolly, night and day,
No threats disturb them, no dismay,
Like hungry dogs they've got their day,
Puissant and sublime.

#### XVI

And very awful is the fight
Of Whigs and Tories every night;
And envy, hatred, malice, spite,
Revolve in every breast.
And truth and falsehood play their part,
And slander, studied as an art,
The Ministry oft try to thwart,
And turn them into jest.

# XVII

But all in politics as war
Is thought all fair; no scruples mar
The witty sneer, the noisy jar
Of Tories turned to tears.
The pencil and the pen are hired,
And bawling cads, by fury fired,
Unkempt, unwashed, and ill-attired,
Pollute our eyes and ears.

# XVIII

Most wondrous stranger! Whence art thou? From vast infinitude we trow; Bound to thy Maker by a vow,
Astonishing our stars,
Our planetary orbs alarming,
Yet no one in thy orbit harming;
Humanity of fear disarming,
Amidst its worldly wars.

# XIX

In the immensity of space
Thine orbit is assigned a place;
Some million miles thy daily race;
Thy progress equal ever.
Thy head a brilliant mass of flame;
Thy tail, its splendour who could name?
All nations greet it with acclaim
What power could it dissever?

# XX

Some thousand years have passed away
Since man last saw thy waning ray,
And seers had feared you'd gone astray
In the abyss of space;
True to a second you've come back,
O'er thy frequented heavenly track,
And in our little Zodiac
Have taken up thy place.

#### XXI

Perhaps thy mission is to feed Some worn-out orb in utmost need; Perhaps to do a fatal deed,

And some one's light put out.

Perhaps some mandate thou art bearing,

For infant stars their sites preparing

On destined spots, on thy way faring

Upon thy unknown route.

# HXX

Go speed on thy ethereal course,
Without a halt, without remorse,
For better or perhaps for worse,
Creating or destroying!
And when some thousand years ahead,
Thou by Omnipotence art led
Back to earth's ken surveyed with dread,
May thou find fit employing.

# XXIII

Perhaps to burn with fervent fire
Our worn-out mud-ball in thine ire,
Most worthy of such vengeance dire,
By God's supreme decree;
When the Archangel's awful boom,
Shall sinners summon from their tomb,
And sound to heaven the crack of doom,
When none can turn and flee.

#### XXIV

A wicked world is this of ours,
Where man his fellow-man devours,
And nation nation overpowers
With cruelty malign;
And justice scarce can hold her hand,
And retribution seeks command,
With penances and scorching brand,
And punishment condign.

# XXV

Now let us to the parks repair

And see what havor there is there;

The trees, no longer bleak and bare,

Are putting forth new leaves;

And the snell eastern gales have passed,

And summer has returned at last,

And London Town is filling fast,

And Earth with bounty heaves.

# XXVI

But many a tree in health and vigour Has fallen a victim to the rigour Of wintry winds or small or bigger,
Their roots torn up to view;
And many an old one killed outright Free passage gives unto the light,
Though leafless, still of stalwart might,
Mysterious yet true.

#### HYXX

And many an ancient elm is there With broken heart and shoulders bare, Rejuvenated scents the air

When hope was almost lost.

Like mortal men saved from the tomb,

When lingering death appeared their doom,

And younger men fought for their room

At any risk or cost.

# XXVIII

And many an ancient Scottish pine,
That long stood proof against destine,
On the green sward now lies supine,
Few fine trees left to tell
The secret meetings of the Court
Of olden times, to that resort
Of love and honour and of sport,
Which they loved passing well.

# XXIX

But who wrought that destruction there? Those noble trees, what man could dare To hew them down and all lay bare

The soil they long had shaded,
The only bit of forest left,
In Londondom cut as by theft,
Of whose grand shadowing bereft
The gardens are degraded?

# XXX

Trees fit for masts of men-of-war,
Sound in their timbers every spar,
What mischief-making cit could mar
The grandeur of the scene?
Like giants by the Titans slain,
They lie in hundreds on the plain,
Half sunk in mud and slush and rain,
With prowling cads between.

# XXXI

From these sad thoughts let's turn away,
And whilst we can, enjoy each day,
And mingle in the gay affray
Upon the Rotten Row;
Where mortals seem immortal all,
Strangers to indigence or thrall,
Lending deaf ears unto the call
Of fate and coming woe.

# XXXII

Like rhododendrons round them blowing,
In nature's richest flow'rets glowing,
In gentle rivalry bestowing
Their glances and their graces
On gazers as they trip along
Elastic in their steps and strong,
All sparkling in the motley throng
In tinted silks and laces,

# HIXXX

But who is who no one can know,
Celebrities pass to and fro,
And friend meets friend and foe meets foe
In mingled love and hate;
And prancing steeds their owners bear
Proud of their paddocks with an air
That apes humanity, and share
Their masters' joy elate.

# XXXIV

But let us leave these haunts of fashion,
Where dress is studied as a passion,
And thread our way with utmost caution,
Through these grand marble porches,
And to the Commons make retreat,
We've got a ticket for a seat,
Though suffocating is the heat,
As if lit up by torches.

# XXXV

There in most solemn consultation,
Old Erin, in extreme prostration,
Submits her case to the whole nation,
For medical advice;
And horrible are the conflictions
Of specialists in their restrictions,
Each with his saws and wild convictions
At most enormous price.

# XXXVI

O Heaven! What tumult is there there! What rancour, hate and guilt laid bare! What objurgations fill the air! What fiery debate! Words sharp as arrows pierce the ears, And wound like javelins or spears, And move some lookers-on to tears, That such should be her fate.

# XXXVII

That doctors differ each man knows, And have been known to come to blows, And tweak each other by the nose, Is not unknown to fame. But that the chosen of the nation Should waste their breath in animation Until they fall in sheer prostration, Is both a sin and shame.

# XXXVIII

Alas! Alas! Once more Alas! What dreadful deeds in Erin pass! Where sacred Law and holy Mass Are trodden under foot Where Treason dire is daily sown, Where wildest Anarchy is grown, Where men can't call their fields their own, And fiends their fellows shoot.

# XXXXX

We're therefore very glad to be
A humble man, a plain M.D.,
Not to be ranked as an M.P.,
With duties transcendental;
With opposition ever warring,
And clientéle for ever jarring,
Man's best intentions ever marring
With nostrums supplemental.

# XL

But Erin soon will have her Bill,
Her recipe for every ill,
A guarantee to cure or kill,
As she herself may take it.
Vain are her hopes of manumission,
Abnormal is her best condition,
Her safety lies in her submission,
As she herself may make it.

# XLI

What have we here? A horrid brawl!
In circumspect Westminster Hall,
A Member in the utmost thrall
Of janitors irate!
Fisting and kicking out with vigour,
But hustled out with utmost rigour,
As if he were a stinking nigger,
And thrust outside the gate.

# XLII

Professing tenets atheistic,
And heterodoxy strange and mystic,
And secularity phlogistic,
No entry found he there.
St. Stephen's was no place for him,
Where every member has his whim,
Ready to tear him from limb to limb,
Or their own faith forswear.

# XLIII

Now the indignant mob becheer him,
And muster in their hundreds near him,
Whom he invites to come and hear him
Within Trafalgar Square;
So we shall wisely keep aloof,
Our pockets not pickpocket proof,
And seek the refuge of our roof,
And read his reasons there.

# XLIV

Now Parliament is almost over,
And wearied out is every mover,
Eager to be once more a rover
In quest of recreation.
So idle men like us may run
East, west, or north, in quest of fun,
With pencil, pen and ink, and gun,
With little preparation.

#### XLV

Our kit with useful things completed,
Upon the Flying Scotsman seated,
With patriotic notions heated,
Outstripping even the wind.
Through Peterbro' and York we steam,
Each station passing like a dream,
As if beyond control, the steam
Our eyeballs almost blind.

# XLVI

And now we cross the river Tweed,
And to a standstill curb our steed,
And boilers almost empty feed
With needful caller water;
And get a cup of right good tea,
And Scotia's oaten bannocks pree,
And mount again with social glee
Each mater and each pater.

# XLVII

Now through the Lothians we rattle,
Through lands made rich by plough and pattle,
Where Leicester sheep and Ayrshire cattle
Delight the farmer's eyes;
Through Prestonpans and Portobello,
And Joppa, that you've late heard tell o',
Where many a sturdy strapping fellow
Is golfing for a prize.

# XLVIII

And now some vistas you may see,
Fit to delight the dullest ee,
Though they are nought to you and me
Accustomed to such views.
But Southerners will get a start
At Nature's handiwork and art,
And haste in them to take a part,
Bedight in clumpy shoes.

# XLIX

Sons of Auld Reekie, take ye tent
How your long leisure hours are spent!
Her Majesty, ye ken, 's intent
On holding a review.
The Southron chiels have had their day,
And soldier-like was their array:
Let no ill natured loon say nay.
Stand to your colours true!

L

Auld Scotia looks on you with pride,
And her approval does not hide.
Let no dissension you divide,
But muster every clan.
Show to the world thy dint of power,
What she may trust to in the hour
Of utmost need, when troubles lour.
Come, muster all who can!

LI

Thy kinsmen in great London Town
Have added to thy old renown,
And Wimbledon have made to frown
Upon their prizes won;
Now on thy native sod display
The metal of the North this day;
From Firth of Clyde to Firth of Tay,
Come forward, every son!

# LII

Auld Reekie and her lassies a',
In tartan plaids and unco braw,
And gentle ladies, great and sma',
Will a' be there to see you.
And many a Sassenach will be there,
With yours their fettle to compare,
And judge what you can do and dare,
And toom their cuppies wi' you!

# LIII

And even her Majesty the Queen, In mourning weeds, with cheerful mien Will smile approval on the scene,

And thank you for the honour.

And her great grief will have a pause

Amidst your cheering and applause,

And satisfaction with her laws,

And welcomes heaped upon her.

# LIV

Old Erin now has got her Bill,
Concocted with a world of skill;
A bulky volume it would fill
With motions stern and strong.
Queer people must these Irish be,
To need so much of lock and key
To keep them from all mischief free,
And teach them right and wrong.

# LV

Auld Scotland now is on her mettle,
Getting her gear in proper fettle;
She scarce finds time to boil her kettle
On any day but Sunday.
But on the Sabbath she makes up
By porridge-pot and Hyson cup,
And sheep's-head broth (a dainty sup),
Ready for work on Monday.

# LVI

Old Arthur from his seat, amazed,
Looks down on tents and pennons raised,
And thinks Auld Reekie must be crazed,
Such hammering and ditching;
As if an army, by surprise,
Were taking ground before his eyes;
On every flat, on every rise,
Their gaudy flagstaffs pitching.

#### LVII

And Holyrood once more looks young, Its gates and windows open flung, New carpets down, new curtains hung, The cobwebs brushed away.

The owls, and jackdaws, and the bats Have warning got; the dogs and cats Are hunted out, and even the rats

Their holes keep in dismay.

# LVIII

And sturdy chiels and brither Scots,
'From Maidenkirk to John o'Groats,'
With not a hole in a' their coats,
Will shortly there assemble.
And Britain's foes will learn to dread
Their steel, their powder, and their lead,
And on their toes will fear to tread,
And at their threats will tremble.

# LIX

'Hech, man!' says Sandy, 'we must gie her A right good welcome when we see her;
Let everybody's tongue be freer
In giving her a cheer.
The provost and the bailies a'
May drink her health in the Town Ha',
But we poor folks in ilka raw,
In usquebaugh or beer!

#### LX

'But though no ticket we have got, By purchase, favour, or by lot, We'll find some cosy standing-spot
To see her in the distance.
The Salisbury Crags we'll speel,
From which we'll see a' unco weel,
And piece we'll carry in a creel
If we are in existence.

### LXI

'Losh, Donald! she is unco gude,
And Leddy is of Holyrood!
And truth she comes of Scottish blude,
Of Scotia's royal line.
And cousin-like, she likes the Scots,
And in the Highlands lives in cots,
Like yours or mine, and tends her pots,
And can on haggis dine.

### LXII

'I'm not so young as I hae been,
When I was wedded to my Jean,
And in the ranks, like a new preen,
Stood in the Forty-twa.
But my twa boys are volunteers,
Both sturdy fellows for their years,
Aye! fit for baronets or peers,
The brayest of the bray!

#### LXIII

'And should our country call them out
For active service, without doubt
They'll shut their shops and take the route
With every weapon handy.
No better soldiers ever bore
A musket or a bright claymore
On British soil or foreign shore
Than Rorison and Sandy.'

#### LXIV

From east and west, from south and north,
Each county sends its squadrons forth,
Their weapons all of precious worth
Their uniforms all various.
Their bushy beards all trimmed with care,
Their bearing of the do and dare,
Their music rich in olden air,
Their ensigns multifarious.

## LXV

August the twenty-fifth has come,
And all the town is in a hum,
And regiments with fife and drum
Are marching to the Park;
And every house a flag is flying,
And every inmate outward spying,
And every bonny lass is crying—
'Such men are fit for wark.'

### LXVI

And many a love-glance passed, I ween, Between the see-ers and the seen, And many a blink from twa blue èen, Struck many a volunteer; But time they'll find the wounds to heal At some big ball or Highland reel, And on their troth to put a seal Beyond the reach of fear.

## LXVII

The morn was fine, as if the Queen
Had made a choice, bad days between;
For dreadful was the storm yestreen,
As if in combination
The wind and rain were meant to foil
The outcome of the night's great toil,
And every enterprise to spoil
By ill-timed inundation.

## LXVIII,

But man proposed, and God disposed;
And as the day advanced unclosed
The gates of heaven, and forthwith dosed
With drizzling, drenching rain,
The people and the volunteers,
And cooled their zeal and drowned their cheers,
And even her Majesty in tears
Found her petitions vain.

### LXIX

But soldier-like they kept their ground,
Though soaked with water round and round,
But not a recreant was found
To wish the day undone.
A lesson in the art of war,
Delighted thus to learn from far,
Their worst mishap a slight catarrh,
And little glory won.

## LXX

For all the panoply of war
Was gathered there, with nought to mar
Its grand display, except the jar
Of elements malignant.
Unnumbered multitudes were there,
Spectators of the do and dare;
Leaving at home domestic care,
And everything benignant.

## LXXI

Yea, even the Queen, oppressed with grief, In majesty found no relief;
And Lowland laird and Highland chief,
Their prowess found in vain.
And gladly left the miry field,
Where shelter there was none to shield,
Unwillingly obliged to yield
To drizzling, drenching rain.

#### LXXII

Mais revenir à nos moutons.

Each regiment, in ardour strong,
Soon lost itself amidst the throng
Of candidates for honour;
Till, singly led, they one by one
Marched past the Queen, not quite undone,
Thinking the duty right good fun,
With blessings heaped upon her.

#### LXXIII

And the vast multitude be-cheered
Each regiment as it appeared,
Their foster-land to all endeared
By story and tradition!
And each man felt his ardour rise
Within his bosom, and some eyes
A tear let fall, to their surprise,
So blighted their ambition!

## LXXIV

Tell Special Correspondents, tell
The day's mishaps, and what befell
For good or ill, in the pell-mell,
The squadrons in retreat.
For many a lad was loth to part,
And many a lassie lost her heart,
But ill-concealed by artless art,
Though open, yet discreet,

#### LXXV

And when the soldiers were entrained,
And naught but 'Fare thee well!' remained
And the iron horses puffed and strained,
Outstripping even the wind,
Their bugles rang the olden song,
In telling notes distinct and strong,
The peopled villages among,

'The Girls we left Behind.'

# CANTO SECOND.

AULD REEKIE's now herself again! And all her forty thousand men Have railed away to town or glen, Or to their native heather. And Arthur's Seat looks grimly down, And on the weather seems to frown, And on the Queen's Park, trodden brown And plastic, like wet leather.

П

In truth the town is rather stale. And everyone that can gives bail, And on the boat or on the rail Looks out for pastimes new. Some with a fishing-rod or gun, Some for a 'waly waught' of fun, And some their very homes to shun, So we shall follow too.

ш

How comfortable are those trams,
What saving to one's tired hams,
Putting to shame those growling shams,
The antiquated 'busses.
A tram-car is the way to measure
The circuit of the town with pleasure,
And notes on natives up to treasure,
Their cantrips and their fusses.

ΙV

All jumping in by twos and threes,
Glad in the seats themselves to squeeze,
Or jumping out just where they please
Without the risk of harm;
Good-natured all in the affray,
A mile a penny all they pay,
The same by night as by the day,
So cheerful and so warm.

V

George Francis Train first showed the plan,
And once a line in London ran,
But on his spec rogues placed a ban,
A spoke put in his wheel;
And Jonathan's almighty rail
Was for some years of no avail,
And lay on 'Change, dead as a nail,
Beyond reach of appeal.

### VI

Now every city of the land Has got its tramway made to hand And dividends are garnered grand, Shareholders all are pleased. And not far distant is the hour When steam or the electric power Swift time and distance will devour, From creeping pace released!

#### VII

All hail once more, my Ostrich cock My Africanus of the rock, King of the birds of every stock, Upon the stormy Cape, Where great da Gama ruled the waves, Where the fierce hurricane still raves, Where Dutchmen lately whipped their slaves, And licked them into shape;

## VIII

Where long-winged albatrosses soar From earth to sky, from sea to shore, And lofty surfs in constant roar Deafen the open ear; And stalwart shrubs of uncouth name, And giant weeds of feeble frame, And thistles armed put in their claim To make the landscape drear.

IX

Yet there, though scanty was the loam, 'Mongst Bontibucks you found a home, In coveys, or alone to roam, Where'er thy will inclined; Till one day, as Jim Grace could tell, You to my rifle-bullet fell, And Mumbojee proclaimed thy knell Unto the thirsty wind.

X

The prize too precious to be lost,
Into a cart thy bulk was toss'd,
And though somewhat disposed to boast
When we got to the farm,
Yet with the taxidermist's skill
We set to work with right goodwill,
Resolved some future day to fill
Thy skin with cotton warm.

ΧI

That hoped-for day at length arrived
When College chiels around thee hived,
And in the best direction strived
Thee to thyself restore,
And placed thee in that frame of glass
So stoutly clamped with polished brass,
Where daily pilgrims as they pass
Could on thy stature pore.

#### XII

With flesh and blood no more enthralled,
Now like a president installed,
With monster birds and beasts inwalled,
As stiff as any post,
You've been no loser by my shot,
A longer lease of earth thy lot;
Thy jungle fatherland forgot,
You seem to rule the roast.

### XIII

A right good fellow was that Jim,
Great at a game, a catch, or hymn,
With honesty filled to the brim,
And temper quite ethereal;
Now far away he lies in Ooty,
Shot there by death when at his duty,
In prime of manhood and of beauty,
His office magisterial.

## XIV

We've trammed it down the Walk to Leith,
A light valise our seat beneath,
Taking the bit between the teeth,
And crossed the Firth of Forth.
The ferry-boat a thing to praise,
Worthy a line in our poor lays.
Some Yankee tourists in amaze,
Like us bound to the North.

#### XV

Auld Reekie like a painting hung
Against the sky, when old and young
May see her to the best: and flung
O'er all a nimbous cloud,
With lightning forking here and there,
Warning the gazers to prepare
For tempests brewing in the air,
And rain and thunder loud.

#### XVI

The times and seasons out of joint,
The weather wisest disappoint,
And all terrestrial things anoint
With rain-floods day and night;
And farmers as their hay they make
For the year's hoped-for harvest quake,
And busy ply the clip and rake
With thankfulness contrite.

### XVII

For reaping bands have had their day, And wheat and barley, oats and hay, Are by machines in sharp array

Cut clean as razored chin;
But beards are now no longer shaven,
Though jet-black as a daw or raven,
On cheek of brave man or on craven
And good the sex to win.

#### XVIII

Let's pay a visit to Kinross, And to Queen Mary's Island cross, Whose life seemed ruled by pitch and toss Amongst her friends and foes; A prisoner, although a Queen, Her gaolers meanest of the mean, Her chamber barred by serfs unclean, Her visitors the crows.

#### X1X

Here anglers fish for pike and trout, Rowed in a cobble by a lout, Who tends their flies, and nets them out, But claims them for his master; Though scanty are the fish and shy, And sluggish when upon the fly, Yet good to eat, so go and try, And fear not a disaster.

## XX

But stern monopoly you'll find Rules all things there of finny kind; The tacksman, to his interests blind High tribute takes from all; Rates by the boat and by the man And grub and whisky by the can, On every angler is the plan, Which fishing makes a thrall.

#### XXI

Now through the kingdom of old Fife,
Where feuds were once with murder rife,
And monks and monarchs lived in strife
And clerical commotion,
In old Saint Andrews we've sat down,
The poorest, bleakest, cleanest town,
As grand in ruins as renown,
Washed by the German Ocean.

#### XXII

What grand old times the monks then had!
Though in coarse, homespun raiment clad,
Their cardinals ofttimes made glad
By sovereigns at their table.
A walled-in citadel was theirs,
Their duty, canticles and prayers,
And segregating wheat from tares
With circumspection able.

### HIXX

There Protestants and Prelates waged
Incessant war, and demons raged,
And their great thirst for blood assuaged
By gibbet and by fire;
And living victims there expired,
In fagots and in flames attired
While bishops, looking on, admired
With most infernal ire.

### XXIV

But where unnumbered saints were neached,
And bloody popery was teached,
And nought but popery was preached
In abbey or in hall,
The mouse, the spider, and the owl
Good quarters find in arches foul,
And freezing east winds through them howl,
Injurious to all.

#### XXV

Now Golf's the rule, and clubs are trumps,
And Golfers stoutly stir their stumps
In clumpy boots, or even in pumps,
And wide-awakes and tweeds;
And morning, noon, and evening play,
For honour and sometimes for pay,
Their caddies laden like a dray,
Ready to meet their needs.

#### XXVI

Now we approach old Father Tay,
The tide at ebb; square miles of clay
Around his outlet, where one may,
By palisades and dyking,
A vast estate extemporise,
Fit to delight a Dutchman's eyes,
And take Old Neptune by surprise,
The treasure-trove disliking.

### IIVXX

Bonnie Dundee! we ken you noo, Where every home is black and blue, Most houses old and new ones few,

Thy streets in constant clatter;
Thy trucks and tramways without count,
With peopled streets up each steep mount,
And at each corner a good fount
Of best of drinking water.

#### XXVIII

Thy city grim, with flaxen mills
That ramble o'er thy clayey hills,
Enriching all with lengthy bills,
Thy children happy making;
Where men are not above their work,
And gladly live on fish or pork,
With finger-tip or two-pronged fork
Their wholesome fare partaking.

## XXIX

What railway traffic passes here,
And deafens every open ear!
The north and south exchanging gear
In almost endless trains,
Drilling their ways through thy foundations
Magnificent thy railway stations;
Most princely each of thy donations,

Given from thy merchants' gains.

### XXX.

And yearly strong-ribbed ships set sail
For Arctic seas in quest of whale,
And in their efforts seldom fail
To fill their holds with oil;
Returning windfull every stitch,
Without an accident or hitch,
Though somewhat rusty paint and pitch,
Well paid for all their toil.

## IXXX

Thy railway bridge across the Tay,
Let us approach with deep dismay,
And reverential homage pay
Unto that wondrous pier;
Though strength and elegance gave way,
And a long train into the Tay
Broke through in awful disarray,
At night in full career.

## HXXX

O God! what horror was there then!
Beyond the reach of our poor pen
To paint in words, the crowds of men,
Their wives and children dear,
Drowned as they sat, unheard, unseen
Without a help to intervene,
The tempest witnessing the scene,
When no one thought of fear.

#### HIXXX

Now through vast fields of grain we rail,
All almost ready for the flail,
Where timid partridges and quail
Are growing fat and lazy;
Where herds of kine unnumbered graze,
And fill the stranger with amaze,
On which the farmers love to gaze,
In sunny days or hazy.

#### VIXXX

Where men of substance hold their ploughs,
And rear their brood mares and their sows,
And pay to God and man their vows,
In seasons dry or showery;
And hungry cities look to it,
In confidence as is most fit,
Tied down by neither oath nor writ,
And thank the Carse of Gowrie.

## VXXX

And now across the river Dee,
Gliding at leisure to the sea,
Old Aberdeen is on the lee:
That ancient college city,
Where granite is the staple trade,
From which each house and church is made,
With which they pave street and parade,
Though sometimes rather gritty.

### XXXVI

Here men are giants every one,
And adamantine as their stone,
And industry bred in the bone
Gives competence to all;
And maids are giantesses too,
Yet skilled in all the ways to woo;
Good mothers and good wives I trow,
In sealskin or in shawl.

#### XXXVII

Here orthodoxy fumes and frets,
And heterodoxy spreads its nets,
And churches of all creeds and sects
At ilka corner call;
And Sabbath is observed with zeal,
And cauld kail is the Sunday meal,
When not a caddy with a creel
On any street dare bawl.

## XXXVIII

Their ships are seen on every sea,
Their herring-barrels on each quay,
And surplus sons are glad to flee
To distant foreign lands;
And keep the credit of the town
Up to their standard of renown,
Amongst the black men or the brown,
Wherever Fate commands,

#### XIXXX

Type of the desert's drifting sand,
Resentful of vain man's command,
Interring deep a fertile land
In arid desolation;
A grand estate lies buried there,
A parish with its gardens fair,
The flocks and herds that pastured there
Driven off in desperation.

### ХL

And Findhorn's Bay is useless growing,
The tides are checked in their inflowing,
And nought but light skiffs there are rowing,
The herring fleet all vanished;
The fishers' hamlets empty stand,
Like beacons on the bent and sand,
The crews gone to another strand,
And they themselves have banished.

## XLI

And man, o'erwhelmed, looks on with awe
At life's indentures and each flaw,
And at the overmastering paw
Of autocratic Fate,
That overwhelmed beyond expression
Each cherished parish and possession,
Beyond the reach of intercession
Of either Church or State.

### XLII

Now cross the rapid Don and Spey,
Through counties rich in corn and hay;
No loitering upon the way,
We ever northwards press.
The birch and pine, the currant trees,
Merino sheep upon the leas,
And cattle famed for milk and cheese,
And enter Inverness.

#### XLIII

A fine old town, on a fine river,
The Ness and tide alternate ever,
That into halves the site dissever,
Linked by a grand chain-bridge;
With castle nodding on a knoll,
Gay footpaths stretching many a pole,
Suburban homes that cheer the soul
On every gentle ridge.

## XLIV

But little Gaelic heard is there,
And seldom seen a knee-cap bare;
The tartan philibeg is rare
In country or in town.
Southdown and tweed suits are devised,
The Highlanders are Lowlandized,
And Doric English enterprised
In hodden grey or gown.

#### XLV

Well fitted in its situation
For foreign trade and navigation;
No finer site in the whole nation
For harbours, docks and quays.
But enterprise and means are wanting,
A grand emporium for planting;
So all for naught goes this descanting
Whilst sitting at our ease.

#### XLVI

Now up the Beauly Firth we fly,
And over Dingwall cast an eye,
Where you can take the train for Skye,
Or any western isle.
Then skirt old Cromarty's long firth,
Where Nature, seemingly in mirth,
To a vast anchorage gave birth,
Far-stretching many a mile.

## XLVII

But Nature's bounty there we find
Is thrown away on humankind;
The Firth is filled by naught but wind,
No ocean ships are seen.
But on a southern shore, a bay
Like this ten thousandfold would pay,
And ships and docks in grand array
Would stud the submarine.

## XLVIII

Now Cromarty is left behind,
And soon another firth we find,
Where Nature is again most kind,
But little utilized.
The Dornoch rolls its tide far in
Amongst the hills, to Invershin.
But sailors on it little win,
And nought is enterprised.

#### XLIX

Now up the river Shin to Lairg
We've omnibussed it, well prepared
With fishing-tackle, but have fared
But badly in our quarters.
The little inn filled to the door,
Portmanteaus piled on every floor,
Making a sojourn there a bore
To any guests but Tartars.

L

Here fishermen, in fact, are furious,
Boats only got at rates usurious;
Nor wind and rain are thought injurious,
And lots of both they get.
And old men seated in armchairs,
Troll far astern their wily snares—
A trial great to mount the stairs,
Or handle their own net.

LI

The river would give better sport,
But it is tabooed; the resort
Of commoners and lords from Court,
Who pay a yearly rental.
But common men must look elsewhere
For trouting-streams; the very air
Is bought and sold as in a fair,
Like produce alimental.

### LII

Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.

For cripples it is passing well,

But not for us; and truth to tell,

We've onward turned our faces,

Through birchen-woods, and wild sheep-runs,
Where sportsmen may be seen with guns,

And the shrewd fox their muzzle shuns,

Where every streamlet races.

## LIII

The Moray Firth and German Ocean,
See there! A fleet of boats in motion—
A vista worthy of devotion,
Far trending to the west;
With Golspie stretched along the shore,
Dunrobin Castle towering o'er
Its ancient woods, where, by the score,
Fat brindled cattle rest.

### LIV

His Grace of Sutherland lives there;
His flag is waving in the air,
And noble lords and ladies fair
Are found therein to dwell.
The Duke is every inch a chief,
And lords it mildly o'er each fief,
An enemy to guile and grief,
As his good tenants tell.

### LV

Peerless amongst thy wild compeers,
A constant prey to thy just fears,
With piercing eyes and open ears,
For ever on thy guard;
Hiding in holes, no boy knows where,
And when abroad you take the air,
Bounding from branch to branch with care,
A nut thy best reward.

## LVI

Thy genealogy we trace
Back to the Picts, thy antique race,
Ever maintaining a high place
Amongst all living things.
Always secure in thy agility,
Mounting thy pines with grand facility,
Making us covet thy ability,
As if supplied with wings.

#### LVII

Yet man has ever been thy foe,
And with his fowling-piece or bow,
Has oft intensified thy woe,
And given you no relief.
A squirrel now we rarely see,
On any rock, or stump, or tree;
Against the race a stern decree
Has brought them all to grief.

#### LVIII

Let's pay a visit to that knoll
Distinguished by a slender pole,
Around whose base wild cattle stroll
With vacant stare incurious.
Yet pristine mortals once lived there,
From age to age, from heir to heir,
Unknown their names, or foul or fair,
Legitimate or spurious.

## LIX

Before gunpowder had a name,
When matchlocks were unknown to fame;
Ere musketry was put to shame
By big-mouthed cannons' roaring;
Securely burrowed in their cell,
Skilled to defend it or repel,
They passed their lifetimes passing well,
No city crowds deploring.

#### LX

When man preyed on his fellow-man,
And theft and rapine was the plan,
Or armed with bows and arrows, ran
Amuck o'er hill and dale,
And bagged the wild nuts from the trees,
Or shell-fish taken from the seas,
Or tubers gathered on the leas
When no one could assail;

#### LXI

Little had they to delve or plough.

The wild goat from the mountain brow,
And from the marsh the pig or cow,
Eked out their daily fare.

A flock of shaggy sheep supplied
Their bits of brats, nor long nor wide,
Their chubby bairns, their greatest pride,
Their understandings bare.

## LXII

Let's mount with care the grassy mound,
Some wet ditch once it hemmed around,
And looking, as into a pound,
A citadel is seen.
The entrance one bedarkened way
Well fitted to excite dismay
And make invaders turn away,
As they afraid had been.

#### LXIII

A rough stone wall, like a beehive,
Dyked it around, where all alive
Found lodgings snug with each contrive
To make all things go easy.
An amphitheatre, in fact,
In every attribute compact,
Where every one a part could act,
The floor though grimed and greasy.

#### LXIV

A parapet built up with science,
Around the top, in stern defiance,
In greatest stress their firm reliance,
Commanded all below;
And caverns deep, beneath the floor,
Gave hiding-places for each store;
A last retreat—enforced the door,
By some bloodthirsty foe.

## LXV

And there they lived, and loved, and died. Their own beehive their fortress wide; And outside enemies defied—

A commonwealth their guide.
When Picts and Scots each other tore.
And fought with club or bronze claymore.
From Firth to Firth, from shore to shore,
Whatever might betide.

#### LXVI

Now on to Brora Loth, Helmsdale,
We roughly rattle o'er the rail,
The Orkney and the Shetland mail
In canvas bags in charge.
We'll bid adieu to civil life,
To bass of drum and lilt of fife,
And 'Haddies!' from each stentor wife,
And on rough wilds enlarge.

#### LXVII

A treeless waste of moss and heather,
For acres, miles, and leagues together,
In which nought but the best ben-leather
Gives adequate protection.
With here a burn, a loch or two,
And there some downs and tates o' woo',
Make shift to variegate the view,
And tempt to more inspection.

## LXVIII

But here and there his Grace finds spaces
Fit for his steam-plough and chain traces,
And earth's hard bosom interlaces
With furrows deep and long.
And at wide intervals are seen

Some fertile spots of verdant green, With purple heather-bells between,

The humble Bens among.

#### LXIX

Here Nature's only half made up,
And rare indeed's the stirrup-cup,
And husbandmen must often sup
On Hobson's choice alone.
Yet Leinster and Merino sheep
Now crop the heath-bells on each steep
Where black-faced stock were wont to creep,
Less worth in fleece and bone.

### LXX

And Titan stones and roots of trees,
Torn up and piled along the leas,
Like trophies whiten in the breeze,
And fence the crops around;
And agriculturists with pleasure
Smile at such fields of hidden treasure,
That fallow lay years without measure,
Where corn-fields crown the ground.

# CANTO THIRD.

THE burnies now have ceased to run The long ascent is almost done, The Caithness county now is won, The land of the Saint Clair. But wild and mossy as a bog, With not a tree fit for a dog, Without a single plank or log, A scene of dark despair.

H

Yet men of fortune here find sport, And fondly cherish each resort, Though the Saint Clairs high rents extort For ptarmigan and grouse; Where every bird shot costs a pound. And every pointer and greyhound, In dragging over miles of ground. Finds little for the house.

III

But things improve as we descend—
And truth to say, 'tis time to mend—
And green crops with the heather blend,
As down we rail to Wick;
When lo! upon the ocean blue,
The herring-fleet comes into view,
Their flaxen sails of every hue,
Effective every stick.

IV

And far away to sea they'll sail,
Perhaps encountering a gale,
At risk of weeping and of wail,
By families on shore;
But with to-morrow's morn they'll come
Safe back to harbour, when a drum
Will tell the town the wondrous sum
Of crans put into store.

V

Let's take a turn along the quay, The harbour cribbed from the salt sea, The boats all tacking in the lea,

A thousand sail or more;
By score and score they cross the bar,
And drop on deck each sail and spar,
Without a kink, an oath, or jar,
And on their treasures pore.

#### VΙ

And as the folks ashore awaken,
The silver harvest out is shaken,
And quickly to the store-rooms taken,
And ready made for rails;
And herring-barrels, stout and strong,
The streets and seaboards lie along,
A mile in length, whilst some old song
The packing dames regales.

#### VII

Our northern tour we now renew,
Our Thule Ultima in view,
The Pentland Firth in azure blue,
The Orkneys in the distance.
Old Thurso squatted on the shore,
Up which the briny billows roar,
Saint Clair's old castle to the fore,
In unimpaired resistance.

### VIII

Bleak and cold may be its clime, Of no great value each one's time, Its churches of the true sublime,

Engrossing most reflection;
And Sects unnumbered walk the street,
Well besomed all, and clean, and neat,
The rising race on their bare feet,
Despising shoe protection.

IΧ

And that strange paradox, the bicycle,
Bestrode by youths cool as an icicle.
And now and then a sober tricycle,
Are daily to be seen;
From many a southern city hailing,
Their thews and sinews never failing,
The mail-coach in its speed out-mailing,
In confidence serene.

X

Great is the bustle now in town.

The fishermen from Wick, adown
Its stately streets, in blue and brown,
All comfortably dressed,
Are making up their little packs,
And filling full their haversacks,
Prepared by steamboats or by smacks
To sail home to the west.

XI

If Wick has got its herring-fleet
To make its revenue complete,
Yet Thurso has got slate and peat
Beyond all computation;
Fit to supply the wants of all,
From John o' Groats to Roman Wall,
All lying ready at their call,
In vast accumulation.

#### XH

In Scrabster bay a steamer lies,
The Fingal, worthy of a prize—
Of no great magnitude her size,
But perfect every line;
So we have made our way aboard,
Whilst wind and waves a chance afford,
With firm resolve not to be bored,
And some more sea-yarns twine.

#### XIII

But if you're not a gallant sailor,
You may, perhaps, be a bewailer,
And wish yourself a gallant tailor,
On some smooth plank on shore.
No ruder billows ever roll
Between the Tropics and the Pole,
Beyond even Neptune's firm control,
Than in the Pentlands roar.

#### XIV

The deck is crowded, stem to stern,
With sheep and kine, as you discern;
With which, in fact, we've no concern,
The fishermen our care;
Right jolly every one, I ween,
Each thinking of his bonny Jean,
Though humble, worshipped as a queen,
As fit a crown to wear.

#### XV

The Fingal's whistle, long and loud, Gives warning to the motley crowd; And on the bridge the captain proud, Stands by the helmsman hoar; And when the day was almost done, And red and rosy sank the sun, Last sound of all, a three-pound gun Warned idlers all ashore.

#### XVI

Along the land the good ship steamed,
Whilst in the west sheet-lightning gleamed,
And now and then a gannet screamed,
Portentous change of weather,
As softly fell the evening dew
On the recumbent fishing-crew
(The twilight lasting all night through),
All huddled up together.

## XVII

And song and sentiment went round,
As some with an encore were crowned,
And no ill-natured prig was found
To hypercriticize.
Long yarns were spun of recent gales,
Of loss of nets, and masts, and sails:
And boats gone down, and women's wails,
But no one closed his eyes.

### XVIII

Here days are long and nights are short,
Clear all night through; in this resort,
Auroræ Boreales sport
Around the Polar Star,
And phosphorescent fishes shine
Like lamps electric in the brine,
And readers, should they so incline,
Might nothing find to mar.

### XIX

When morning was proclaimed, the light Upon Cape Wrath was burning bright; Of little use on such a night,
When all was calm and clear;
The sea-gulls, nodding on the deep,
Alone appeared disposed to sleep,
Whilst puffins peopled every steep
Along the headlands drear.

# XX

And rocks on rocks, all bleak and bare, And crags on crags poised in the air, And precipices where despair
Might find fit resting-place;
The cliffs browbeating the wild waves, Though worn into by mammoth caves, Into whose depths the hoar surf raves At a tumultuous pace.

LA.M.C. III CONTRACTOR

### IXX

Full many a gallant ship has there
A victim fallen amidst despair,
And on those Titan boulders bare,
Her mighty ribs has beached;
And many a grampus, many a whale,
Has on these rocks been made to quail,
O'ermastered by the Northern gale,
And there their bones have bleached.

### HXX

For Stornoway the course was set,
And though I pen it with regret,
The *Fingal* very soon was met
With raging winds and waves;
Showers from the sky, spray from the sea.
Bedrenching all most piteouslee,
Making all down below to flee,
Like veritable slaves.

# XXIII

And once a floating wreck was passed. Without a sail, without a mast,
And o'er it rolled salt billows vast—
No living thing on board.
The binnacle to pieces dashed,
A dead man to a ring-bolt lashed,
And in the hold loose timbers crashed,
As gannets round it soared.

### XXIV

Then the wet sheep began to bleat, Unable all to keep their feet; Whilst the two collies, sleek and neat, Were glad to lie in peace; And the rude shepherds, torn and tossed, Themselves and sheep gave up for lost, Both ready to give up the ghost, And every golden fleece.

### XXV

But autumn storms are seldom lasting, Though always doubtful skies o'ercasting, And Neptune with his stern avasting, Brought out the welkin blue. And sunshine all the afternoon Put man and beast on board in tune, All thankful for the precious boon, With Stornoway in view.

# XXVI

'Twas Sunday, when the church was filled, And music through the casements thrilled, And sermons into shape were milled, And folks began to snore;

When the twa dogs began to bark, And found their hands right full of wark, When all alive, as from the ark,

Walked warily ashore.

### XXVII

And many a fair maid on the pier
Met many a sweetheart doubly dear,
Her rising hopes dispelling fear,
Their plighted troth renewed;
And many a widowed wife was there,
Yielding herself up to despair,
With lamentations rent the air,
Her face with tears bedewed.

### XXVIII

But much the kirk was scandalized
At this descent, so ill-advised;
The Sabbath-day, by saints so prized,
Made business-like as Monday.
And the good Fingal's captain, pounced
Upon by eldership, was trounced,
And from the pulpit was denounced,
For thus profaning Sunday!

# XXIX

But the good capital of Lews
On Monday morn was filled with news,
And late bare feet, in well-saved shoes,
Along the flagstones clattered;
And if no church-doors open stood,
To feed their souls with Gospel food,
Hilarious was each one's mood,
As sib to sib there chattered.

### XXX

And cash and credit soon abounded, And even a herring-bank was founded, And fun and frolicking resounded,

With dancing all night through, And many an offer there was conned, And many a favour there was donned, And many a pair, in wedlock's bond, To a snug cot withdrew.

### XXXI

Much like a map spread on the sea, Uninteresting to the ee, Flat as a flounder every lea, Is the good Isle of Lews Bewashed by the Atlantic wave, Blown bare by storms that o'er it rave, No woods to cut, no crops to save, Few landlords to abuse.

# HXXX

A stepchild of old Mother Earth, Ill fed, ill clad, even from its birth; Cut into fragments by each firth,

Its mainland moss and heather; Its naked rocks with foreign mould Patched o'er by dint of foreign gold; Few kine to graze, few sheep to fold, Few nags on plots to tether.

### HIXXX

But now good nursing it is getting, Its honest housewives no more fretting, Its children busy alphabetting,

In Board Schools well endowed;
And, like the bees when summer warms,
Off sail spare hands in doughty swarms,
Into friend Jonathan's strong arms,
Of the newcomers proud.

### XXXIV

Lone Lady of the Isle of Lews, To pass thy castle my poor Muse A verse or two cannot refuse,

Though all unknown to you;
But in the East, in China Land,
I've seen thy lord, a merchant grand,
The wealth of India command,
To all his clients true.

# XXXV

And when the vast commercial world As by a great cyclone was hurled Down to the dust, his flag unfurled

Waved high throughout the storm;
Till wearied out of winning wealth
He sailed away as if by stealth,
All sacrificing to his health,
A dynasty to form.

### XXXVI

And as it answered best his views. Resolved to be the chief of Lews, He bought the island and its dues, And built his castle grand; And took each craftsman into pay, And drove their penury away. And spread new comfort round the bay, And clothed its rocks with land

### XXXVII

But life's itself a speculation, However high or low man's station; For even the princes of the nation Have in their ventures failed, And died like thy good lord in gloom, Their territory one small tomb, Held upon lease in Nature's womb, Remembered though bewailed.

# XXXVIII

But a great privilege is thine, To plant each wold and work each mine, And dot each mossy mead with kine. And drain and dig and plough: And give employment and relief To turned-out tenants in their grief, Driven off by many a reckless chief, Regardless of their vow.

### XXX1X

We've at our leisure gone on board The Fingal, now to rights restored, Though at the risk of being gored By sundry Highland cattle; Grand in the picturesque, but lean As Pharaoh's kine, not over clean, Fierce in their attitude and mien, Ready for instant battle.

### XL.

Fit subjects for a painter's art!
Fit for a prize on Lowland mart!
Fit for a ploughshare or a cart
Upon a sunny down!
Their shaggy hides unkempt, unshorn,
Fit for a bugle every horn,
To sound to sleep or wake to morn,
Of colours black and brown.

### XLI

Some Shetland ponies too were there,
Ragged as door-mats, gaunt and spare.
Their currycombing no one's care,
Superlatively slim!
The making of a noble team
Of such as Dians love to dream,
Of every tint, from dun to cream,
Perfection every limb.

### XLII

And herring-barrels by the score Lay round the deck, fresh from the store, Their curer's names all branded o'er. And eke their destination; Food for the millions distant far

In foreign lands, in peace or war, Wherever shines the Polar Star, Held in high estimation!

### XLIII

And game in leashes and in boxes Addressed to friends and even to proxies, And (paradoxical) some foxes

Were booked as part of cargo; And carcasses of beef and mutton, Fat dainties for the Cockney glutton, When they their girdles tight unbutton Beyond reach of embargo.

# XLIV

Whilst the lean kine and sheep at home Are killed for use, when tourists come: And though they often fret and foam

That they get nothing better, Yet Highland hosts ken unco weel, By sleight of hand and knife and steel. How best their skinny joints to deal

To master or to setter.

### XLV

But to our voyage to return,
We'll this sore subject now adjourn,
And mark how well the ship can churn
To foam the briny deep;
And on Portree we'll keep an eye,
The capital of cloudy Skye,
Whilst yet the poop is clean and dry,
And round about us peep.

### XLVI

The high Atlantic swell soon meets us,
A softer atmosphere betreats us,
The solemn solon goose begreets us
With strident jangling scream;
When a look-out man on a shroud
'A rock ahead!' cries out aloud,
Whilst passengers around him crowd,
As they blow off the steam.

### XLVII

Though on a rock we think we stare,
No rock should by the chart be there,
So 'Go ahead!' with jaunty air
The Fingal's captain cries;
And as we near and nearer sail
The rock ahead turns out a whale,
All stiff and dead as a door-nail,
Made patent to our eyes.

### XLVIII

And in his chest a barbed harpoon Still rankled in the mortal woon, Whilst gouts of gore ran trickling doon Into the briny flood: And as he rolled from side to side Upon the inland flowing tide, Much like a rocky cavern wide His mouth wide open stood.

### XLIX

A hundred seafowl rend the air, A hundred more the dead beast tear, A thousand fishes batten there, As on a precious prize; Some sharks and dogfish too were there, Resolved to have the lion's share Of all the blubber rich and rare, As each one could devise.

T.

And thus great dead men tribute pay To little men of baser clay, Who set themselves in fierce array To tear their fame to pieces; Whilst lookers-on, in virtue cold, The spoilers at their work behold, And their philippics buy with gold, As love of self increases.

T.I

But time now brooks of no delay, In truth such prizes do not pay; So eagerly we seize the day, Whilst skies are azure-blue; An hour's demur perhaps might bring A howling storm upon the wing, And make the welkin o'er us ring, Terrific to the view.

### TII

Now we approach the coast of Skye, Where seals on rocks in comfort lie, And cormorants get fat on fry, And tangled seaweeds thrive;

When rounding some high heads, we see, Hid in a landlocked bay, Portree, Worthy its royal pedigree,

And seasick folks revive.

### LIII

Its harbour fit for a grand port, Well fitted for the grand resort Of home or foreign ships; in short,

None better in these isles. But Nature, oftentimes perverse, Her ways and means does thus disperse, Their ratio at times inverse,

For here no commerce smiles.

### LIV

Here Ossian his prosaic lays,
His lays immortal in the praise
Of Fingal and his fierce affrays,
Sang to the mountain breeze;
Here a King Jamie soiled his boot;
Here Charles Edward pressed his suit;
Here Johnson planted his big foot,
So very ill-at-ease.

### LV

And here our modern Nimrods war Beneath the moon or morning star, Against the stag, where torrents jar Amongst the rolling clouds; Where manhood is put to the proof, Where featherbedsters keep aloof, Or lie in watch 'neath a pent roof, Or 'neath their tartan shrouds.

# LVI

The grandest scenery e'er flung
From Nature's lap, unseen, unsung,
Delighting all or old, or young,
You'll find stored up in Skye.
Go when the heather-bells in bloom
The hills and dales and burns perfume,
All redolent from earth's own womb,
And there prepare to die.

### LVII

But Skye is made a hunting-ground
Where cherished grouse and deer abound,
And rich men for their sport compound
At rents unprecedented.
And sheep are from their pastures driven
To any quarter under heaven,
And peasants from their crofts are riven
And hounded off demented!

### LVIII

Once more the *Fingal* takes the road,
Some fat bucks added to her load,
Hung to the yard-arm, à-la-mode,
Like prisoners of war.
Some herring-barrels, too, were added;
Some pigs, by butter-milk well padded;
Some fleecy goats were superadded,
And eke a jaunting-car.

## LIX

Grand is the panorama here,
As Ardnamurchan's point we near,
Made sacred by the sword and spear,
Embalmed in ancient lore,
When heroes fought and poets sang,
And grand harps oft were heard to twang,
And covenants got many a bang
In the rude days of yore.

### LX

The Fingal down to Raasay steers, As right or left some mountain rears Its giant summit to the spheres, In rivalry stupendous. The Straits of Scalpa now are threaded; Kyle Akin's Straits, too, so much dreaded, Where many a clansman was beheaded In times long past tremendous.

### LXI

Cramped and confined by many a rock, The skill of engineers that mock, Where many a boat gets many a knock At many an orra time, We struggle through against the tide, Where sailing-yachts at anchor ride; At last we gain the ocean wide, With still more genial clime.

# LXII

Now we have reached the Isle of Mull, And find the Fingal rather dull, And envy in his flight the gull, Though neither sick nor sorry; And when the short'ning day was done, And in the ocean sank the sun, And men let off the warning gun, We entered Tobermory.

### LXIII

A grand new Indo-British ship
Was there upon her trial trip;
And whilst the guests their claret sip,
We've sent aboard our card;
We know the chief director well,
And some good acts of him could tell,
So get invited to a spell
With welcome and regard.

## LXIV

A knife and fork at our disposal,
We gladly took the kind proposal,
As from their seats the party rose all
And hailed us with acclaim;
So we sat down with right good-will,
Resolved our heart with joy to fill,
Without a guinea or a bill,
Prepared to fan the flame.

# LXV

Now round a splendid table seated,
With the late banquet somewhat heated,
A score of big-wigs were entreated
To drink the ruling toast:
'Good fortune to the Jehangeer!
Long may our able captain steer
The good ship in its grand career,
The Clydesmen's greatest boast.'

### LXVI

At length our host called for the bowl, When whisky toddy held control, And called to order every soul,

To drink to 'All good Lasses.'
And wit and sentiment went round, And a good singer there was found, And with a bumper toast was crowned, As all drank dry their glasses.

### LXVII

And when the midnight hour was named,
And zest for further wine was tamed,
The final toast was then proclaimed,
'To Bed, and a Good Night.'
So each one waddled off to bed,
As by the stewards they were led,
Some with their strength and vision fled,
By help of a wax-light.

# LXVIII

Ships of all nations we have seen,
In harbour or on ocean green;
Such taste and excellence, we ween,
Has never been surpassed.
And, no more compliments to mince,
Or waste more words you to convince,
The grand saloon fit for a prince,
All guaranteed to last.

### LXIX

At six o'clock, six bells were rung,
The ensign to the peak was strung,
And every flag on board was hung
Aloft, from truck to truck;
And the good ship stood out to sea,
Flush in its finery, with glee,
A crowd assembled on the quay,
All wishing it good luck.

### LXX

And soon the guests, by ones and twos,
In slippers and in canyas shoes,
Appeared on deck, each with his news,
All trim as any daisy;
And greetings interchanged, well pleased.
Though some for the past night were teased,
And some were with repentance seized
In recollection hazy.

# LXXI

Swiftly the steamer skimmed the deep,
Round to the west, by many a steep,
Cropped by some flocks of black-faced sheep,
Where storms are wont to rave;
By little Coll, known but by name,
By Ulva's Isle, well known to fame;
When Staffa rose, with loud acclaim,
From the Atlantic wave.

# R.A. M.C. HI, DOHART TR MESS, MILLBANK, LONDON, S.W.I.

# CANTO FOURTH.

Ī

Soon Fingal's Cave was on the beam, And forthwith they let off the steam, Whilst angry seagulls round us scream, Enraged at our intrusion; A visit to the isle is planned, And three swift cutters soon are manned, As Nature's wondrous works are scanned, In their immense profusion.

II

Basaltic columns standing there, As made with compass and with square. By Nature's journeymen so rare, Supported the grand dome. Whilst the vast cavern overhead, With broken column-ends was spread, And interviewed, not without dread, Like some old roof in Rome.

6-2

III

And gannets, taken by surprise, Flew overhead out to the skies; And cormorants, afraid to rise,

Dived deep into the brine;
And swam like fishes out to sea,
Paddling themselves right skilfully,
And gurnets, in their tactics free,
Displayed each hostile spine.

τv

And mighty waves, fresh from the ocean, Shorn of their crests in silent motion, Worthy the seaman's deep devotion, Unbroken rolled to shore; Kissing each column as they passed, Until they spent their force at last On broken fragments, blindly cast In intermittent roar.

V

In such a place, at such a time, A solemn sense of the sublime That loves to vent itself in rhyme,

A demonstration craves.
So the wide Cave was filled with song,
Sung by the party loud and long,
By Glasgow tongues in accents strong:

'Britannia Rules the Waves.'

VΙ

Delighted with the visitation
To Fingal's Cave, a grand collation,
Extemporized for the occasion,
Awaited us on board.
And ere the banqueting was o'er,
The ship dropped anchor on the shore
Of Old Iona, bleak and hoar,
Our stamina restored.

### VII

There Saint Columba once held sway,
And taught the Celts to preach and pray,
At evening, noon, or dawning day,
With reverend devotion.
And showed them how to read and write,
And how to row, and swim, and fight;
And how economize their might,
And how to make a potion.

# VIII

Those ruined walls, that crumbling tower,
Now open to the wind and shower,
Were once the seat of Abbot's power,
And there High Mass was sung.
There Priests and Bishops held their court,
There pilgrim monarchs made resort,
There pitched their tents and built their fort,
When Christendom was young.

IX

Thence propagandists spread their creed
From John o'Groats to Forth and Tweed,
And tilled men's minds, and sowed the seed
Of everlasting truth,
That spread like wild-fire o'er creation,
Through every clime, through every nation,
How high, how low, might be their station,
To old age and to youth.

X

But now that ancient faith there spoken,
Into a thousand shreds is broken!
And not a solitary token
Is therein to be found.
Seagulls and gannets only there,
Shrill screaming in the misty air,
Perform the offices of prayer,
And deafen with their sound!

XI

With solemn thoughts we turn away
From these gaunt walls in sad decay,
And board our steamer in the bay,
And southwards shape our course.

By islands rich in rocky caves, Worn out by the Atlantic waves, Magnificent their architraves,

The rude waves sounding hoarse.

### IIX

By Isla and Colonsay's Isle,
Cut up by many a deep defile;
By uplands where the green crops smile,
Their smiles o'ercast with fears;
Where stepdame Nature roughly rules
Her Campbell clans, and roughly schools
Her bare-legged bairns, on wooden stools,
And takes them by the ears.

### HEZ

On through an ocean vast we steer,
Delighted with the Jehangeer,
Where lofty mountains proudly rear
Their paps into the sky;
Till, terra firma almost lost,
We catch a glimpse of Erin's coast;
The good ship rather roughly tossed
By billows heaving high.

### XIV

Lo! now a messenger from sea,
Is seen from deck! and anxiouslee
Is got on board, as if a key
Unto some wreck there lay.
A little bottle, corked, containing
A scrap of paper, appertaining
To some lost mariner, explaining
His fate when far away.

### XV

Uncorked the bottle, there was read Some lines as scriboled off with lead, How the *Great Auk*, in dismal dread, Was filling fast with water; Without a hope or hand to save The good ship from the yawning wave, When passengers and crew so brave Drew up as if for slaughter!

### XVI

The latitude and longitude Were not to be misunderstood; Her ownership, the Auckmans good!

A firm well known on 'Change.
But of the Auk no more was seen,
And men in vain had since to glean,
For news amongst the Lost Marine,
And o'er Lloyd's columns range.

## XVII

Some years ago, in splendour great, Laden with passengers and freight, Bound to a Transatlantic State, With everything propitious. From Liverpool the Auk set sail, Entrusted with a British mail, Thought fit to master any gale, No matter how flagitious.

### XVIII

But many weary months passed o'er, And tidings of her no mail bore; And men grew faint and women tore Their hair, with doubts distracted, And search was made the ocean over, By sloop of war and deep-sea rover, But not a spar could they discover Or what the Fates enacted.

### XIX

Cantire now we've got abeam! And of Loch Tarbert got a gleam; The herring-fleet, adown the stream, In loose disorder sailing. The sea alive with herring-fry, Perceptible even to the eye, O'er which the gulls and gannets fly, On freshest fish regaling.

# XX

Protected by a rocky coast, Where boats by storms are seldom tossed, And still more seldom wrecked and lost, The fishing is abundant: And fishermen are well to do. And can afford a roast or two. And toggery each year renew, Their ways and means redundant.

### XXI

And now and then a hungry whale,
Driven in by some tremendous gale,
Is seen to take them in detail,
With appetite unbounded.
Until surprised, and out of breath,
He makes a compromise with death,
And rolls ashore, some cliff beneath,
And, to surprise, gets grounded.

### HXX

Then glorious is the fray and fun, As to the spot in scores men run, Some with a pitchfork, some a gun,

A spear, or a claymore,
Until, assailed on every hand,
The whale lies dead upon the sand,
His mighty bulk at the command
Of one weak man on shore.

# HXX

But this digression we'll adjourn, And to our log-book now return, Ere Pladda's lights begin to burn,

And round us take a glance:
Far to the right green Erin shining,
Far to the left Ayr and its mining.
Whilst on the waves past our defining,
Old Ailsa seems to dance.

### XXIV

And just as racers near their goal Rush on beyond their groom's control, So the good ship was felt to bowl Along at greater speed; Soon Campbeltown was seen and passed, And Goatfell towering o'er the mast, Its pinnacles with clouds o'ercast Where antlered monarchs feed.

### XXV

There! human footsteps are excluded, And Nature's first laws are eluded, And cloven-footed beasts intruded. And justice is despised; And Caledonia's fairest isle Is made a hunting-ground meanwhile, Where man himself is thought too vile, And therefore ostracised.

# XXVI

Ye men of substance upon Change, Who o'er the woldy world range In quest of speculations strange, Regardless of dismay: Go! buy the island, field and fell, And on it build a grand hotel, And every site for villa sell, And trust me it will pay,

### XXVII

And Scotia's invalids will bless you,
And wives and children will caress you,
And in their grateful hearts address you,
As saviours of their health;
Such islands were not made in vain
A Helicon upon the main;
In sultry summers what a gain!
A source of worldly wealth!

### XXVIII

Dog-in-the-manger-like, its chief
Denies man's sacred rites in brief,
As he would do that of a thief
To build a cottage there;
A grand Montpellier the isle
Might be converted to meanwhile,
Where thousands might be made to snile
In its cool mountain air.

## XIXX

But we must cease to think of deer,
For our impatient Jehangeer
Feels that his building-yard is near,
And Wemyss Bay we descry,
Leaving us only time to thank
Our hosts on board so kind and frank,
So right well pleased we walk the plank,
And on our selves rely.

### XXX

Here Hydropathics hold their court,
And invalids in scores resort,
And skilled physicians exhort
How best to gain good health;
And miracles are often wrought
In morbid subjects and in thought,
For gold, not elsewhere to be bought,
More precious far than wealth.

### XXXI.

But being neither sick nor lame,
And finding the *ménage* but tame,
And kindred no one there to claim,
We've chartered a machine,
And skirt the shore in beauty rare,
With which few prospects can compare,
And halt in the auld toon o' Ayr,
The Firth of Clyde's fair queen.

# XXXII.

Full fifty years have passed away
Since in auld Ayr we had our stay,
And now return in sad dismay,
At change of names and faces;
A stranger, through her streets we wander,
Grown longer, wider, clearer, grander,
Our ken perplexed as we meander
Through new-built squares and places.

### HIXXX

But Ayrshire chiels, auld Ayrshire's pride, We've met with o'er the world wide, Working their way by wind and tide, Well skilled in each profession; Themselves respecting, men respect them, Not safe they find it to neglect them, Some things aye learning that affect them In credit or possession.

### XXXIV

In honour of the poet Burns,
The autumn festival returns,
And ilka Scot his task adjourns,
How high or low his station.
'All honour to our Ayrshire bard,
Most worthy of our best reward,'
Is now intoned with due regard,
So we'll join the ovation.

# XXXV

The man they hated and despised,
And from his country ostracised,
And every circumstance devised
To break his noble heart;
Ill-housed, ill-cleaded, and ill-fed,
Who oft was pinched for daily bread,
They idolize now when he's dead,
In town-hall or in mart.

### XXXVI.

The Edinburgh Ayrshire club, Of which thy servant is a sub, Oft gather here in state to grub And apotheotize him, Have given new fillip to his name, And raised it in the rolls of fame, And put his countrymen to shame, Who in his prime excised him.

### XXXVII

A club composed of men of weight, Philanthropists and men of state, Proprietors both rich and great, Their incomes have assessed; Now talent though in puirtith caul', May find support in worldly thrall, And bursaries or great or small, At once may be possessed.

# XXXVIII

Now this lone corner of Old Kyle, Where stands his monumental pile, Where ploughmen sing and lasses smile, Is consecrated ground; And pilgrims pay unto his shrine A homage almost thought divine, And unto Burns new odes consign, With sentiment profound.

### XIXXX

Whilst dilettanti round the pile, From every corner of our Isle, Assemble and bethank Old Kyle

For rearing such a son,
Let's leave his birthplace with a tear,
And to his humbler tomb draw near,
Where men his ashes more revere,
Since his last course was run.

### XL

Dumfries, but little known to fame, Though raised a step by Burns's name, Fat cattle more thy end and aim,

Than poetry or prose,
He little owes you but a tomb,
When racked with penury and gloom
He died, obedient to his doom,
Encompassed by his woes.

# XLI

Upon the winding river Nith,
Creeping down to the Solway Frith,
Where harbour neither kin nor kith,
His ashes rest in peace.
A peace in life he never knew,
'Mongst roysterers and folks untrue,
For better men as friends were few,
Even up to his decease!

### XLII

But Burns's name must take a place, A high one 'mongst the human race! Which time and tide will not efface; And Scotsmen yet unborn Will sing his songs on many a shore, On many a sea where billows roar, And with fond sympathy deplore That 'He was made to mourn.'

### XLIII

At gentle speed we onward rail, At times attracted by a sail, Through the green meads of Annandale, Famed for great fights of yore, When Roman legions met their match, Though ever on the wary watch, And gladly seized a time to patch A truce up, writ with gore.

# XLIV

But feud and foray ceased not there! For Border clans fought with despair, Winning or losing each affair With savagery and pride; Advancing now, and now recoiling, Their thirst for slaughter ever boiling, The rolls of history besoiling, And even the Solway's tide.

### XLV

Now Gretna Green we ramble through,
Where English runaways, a few,
Their hasty plighted troth renew,
And rivet wedlock's chains;
Chains that may gall and may be broken.
Repented of the words there spoken,
Contractors asking back each token,
With penalties and pains.

### X LV1

The harvest now is gathered in,
And in the stackyard or the bin
Is no v secure; and men begin
Their stubble-fields to plough,
With good hopes that the coming year
Will make amends for wet weeks drear,
And open out a new career,
And dry up every slough.

## XLVII

Let's cross the Border to Carlisle,
And in its precincts halt a while,
And study the amount of guile
Which seethes in many a breast;
Where ablest politicians tear
Their rivals' credit with an air
Of scorn and hate that makes one stare;
Even blatant when at rest.

### XLVIII

The Tories wordy warfare waging,
Half of the world at once engaging,
The downfall of the realm presaging,
Whilst W. E. G. reigns;
What rocks ahead their chief should shun,
What he has done, and what undone,
As much in earnest as in fun,
Their policy a Cain's!

### XLIX

How old Britannia survives,
How men in place preserve their lives,
How so engrossed console their wives,
Can not be comprehended,
Seeming to live by pitch and toss,
The heads the gain, the tails the loss,
The gain the gold, the loss the dross,
And not to be amended.

L

This is election-day in Tunn,
And to the poll electors run;
A candidate has just begun
His voluble address;
A Tory of the olden school,
Proving that Whigs the State misrule,
And that the Premier is a fool,
And full of wickedness!

I.I

That all his followers are knaves,
Whom nothing but their good luck saves,
And at their every action raves,
With ill-dissembled hate;
That prodigality unbound,
Is dragging England to the ground;
That all her timbers are unsound,
And ruin near, her fate!

LH

Delighted with his grand oration,
The crowds below their approbation
Shout to the clouds, and swear the nation
Is only to be saved
By Tory guides and Tory rule;
That Whigs should all be sent to school.
Each with his own repentant stool,
And their round heads be shaved.

# LIII

Another speaker takes the role,
A practised hand at many a poll,
And his good friends begs to console,
In their forlorn distress.
'Believe him not,' he stoutly cries,
'He's throwing dust into your eyes:
A placeman, he expects a prize,
Which better men possess.

## LIV

'The Tories have been always needy, Of power and place at all times greedy, Although their robes are soiled and seedy Like leeches, ever draining The life-blood from both Church and State, Ever time-serving and ingrate, The targets for all good men's hate, From no expense refraining.'

## I.V

To chronicle the masquerading, The fencing and the cavalcading, The small shot and the cannonading Between such mortal foes, Would needless be and would not pay; Let it suffice for us to say, The Whigs though badgered won the day, Though black and blue with blows.

## LVI

But far the fierce contagion spread, As by some croaking demon sped, And common sense seemed to have fled To wild birds of the air— Abuses of all parts of speech, Fit for a fanatic to preach, Dogmatic beyond human reach, The ravings of despair.

## LVII

Though nature has been most unkind The summer through, and wet and wind Have thrown the harvest far behind,

And mildewed many a farm,
Yet milder weather now prevails,
And spent with brawling are the gales.
And corn-carts rumble o'er the dales,
The crops yet saved from harm.

## LVIII

The season's now in best of mood,
And, penitent, seems bent on good.
And sneering winds, no longer rude,
Give promise of fine weather;
And a new summer has begun,
And grateful is the noontide sun,
And whistles and the cracks of gun
Are heard upon the heather.

## LIX

And blighted shrubs put forth anew
Their blossoming of every hue,
Their tender leaves bedropped with dew.
And daisies pie the grass;
And mavises begin to pair,
And nuptial notes ring through the air
And blasted hopes and carking care
Have ceased to cry Alas!

## LX

Unto the Lakes we'll bend our course, Well mounted on our good iron horse, The bonny broom and golden gorse Betinselling the way; Till Skiddaw, robed in thin disguise, From misty couch appears to rise And claim a place in the blue skies, In glorious display.

## LXI

In Keswick we have sat us down, A solemn air around the town, Poetic fame of old renown Still hovering around. An Arcadie fit for the Muse, With haunts where she could pick and choose, Or lose herself in the recluse, Where all is hallowed ground.

## LXII

Once people there were glad to list To cantos thought fit to be blest, And kept them locked in each strong chest For their remote descendants; Till Poesy fled off amain With all her water nymphs in train, Her pleasures all alloyed with pain, Few living her defendants.

#### LXIII

Now richest Cubs usurp their places
Where Southey dangled with the Graces,
With gaudy traps and vulgar faces,
Their ledgers their chief lore;
And poetry is thought a crime,
And worthless every tome of rhyme,
With which such New men cannot chime,
The Muse herself a bore!

#### LX1V

Give them new novels by the ton,
The greater trash, the greater fun,
For common sense they hate and shun,
Yea, every spark of reason;
Nothing so crude they will not read,
Their prurient fantasy to feed;
In balderdash their solemn creed,
Though bordering on treason.

#### LXV

Southey and Wordsworth brought to life, With villas given for man and wife, Where mushroom prodigies are rife, The feeders of the press, Would hate them as they would a dun, And all association shun, And cut the new threads for them spun In their intense distress.

## LXVI

Let's make our way across to Barrow, The fields beneath the plough and harrow, The railway in its gauge, the narrow, The trees of every tint; The foliage all crisp and dry, As if preparing there to die, Yet not unpleasant to the eye, Like some old-fashioned print.

## LXVII

A league's advance, another scene, The landscape now no longer green, Sterility itself I ween O'er all the vista reigning: Yet iron in ore is therein found A yard or two beneath the ground, And every ridge and every mound A mine of wealth containing,

## LXVI11

Putting Potosi's mines to shame, With all their silver and their fame, And making out an urgent claim For high consideration; A mighty workshop have we here, With smoke o'ercast the hemisphere, And every home with soot is drear, Beyond all calculation.

#### LXIX

With privilege to enter here,
'Mongst blazing furnaces we steer,
Where monster brands are hot and clear,
All ready for the hammer—
The hammer sundry tons in weight,
An engine in itself of state,
Precise and ponderous as fate,

#### LXX

Midst all the sparks and clamour,

Putting to scorn old Vulcan's guild,
And his Cyclopean gangs well drilled,
In the deep caves of Ætna, skilled
In working iron and steel;
E.g., for Pallas a new shield,
For Mars a cuirass well annealed,
For Jupiter a bolt to wield
For mortal woe or weal.

## LXXI

Now they melt down the stubborn ore,
And into sand-moulds in the floor
The seething liquid lava pour,
To cool and take a shape;
Whilst Vulcanites in loose attire
Cold ingots run into the fire,
Fit for an ancient Roman's pire
From which there's no escape;

## LXXII

Till softened through and red-hot heated,
Their obduracy all defeated,
And their compliancy completed,
And on the anvil cast,
The mammoth hammer thudding down
Belabours them, till they grow brown,
For future works of high renown,
As we look on aghast;

## LXXIII

For skeletons of men of war,
For each tall mast, and each long spar,
For swaddling bands surpassing far
Those of pine, oak, or plane,
For cranks and shafts of engines vast,
With which the engines of the past
Are only toys, fit to be cast
Into the flames again.

## CANTO FIFTH.

I

Whilst yet unscathed by burning brands,
Or trodden down by working hands,
Let's make our way to Morecambe sands,
And see what's to be seen;
The tide's at ebb, and the salt sea
Is drawn away by special plea,
Square miles of mud upon our lee,
But nought of ocean green.

II

And boats lie stranded here and there,
And fishermen with ankles bare
Delve for their baits, and crows dig there
In confidence, at ease;
And briny rills run o'er the sand,
Like burnies on the hard dry land,
And congregate in volumes grand,
And make themselves new seas.

HI

At length a change comes o'er the scene, A sea-change, when the ocean green Its realms reclaiming like a queen, Resumes its normal reign, And like a deluge overflows The sands of fishermen and crows, And hour by hour in deepness grows,

IV

Till all is one wide main.

And boats come sailing in to shore, With spoils from the vast deep in store, And soon there is a grand uproar, In huckstering and buying; And carts rush off with fishes loaded. Some to the gallop fiercely goaded, By no great scruples incommoded, One with the other vying!

And when the tide began to fall, And ocean sounded the Recall, A maiden in a Paisley shawl Was found upon the beach, With briny water all bedrenched, All breath and animation quenched, Her lips apart, her right hand clenched, As if prepared for speech.

VI

A billet in her breast was got,
Sealed with the words Forget me not:
'Betrayed, bewildered and forgot,
My life is endless pain.
This little note send to my lover,
Tom Liberton, a faithless rover;
In Liverpool you'll him discover;
His love has been my bane.'

## VII

Upon a shallop found on shore,
A ruined one, without an oar,
They laid her out as on a floor,
With seaweed for her shroud;
And thenceforth, borne by sailors brave,
They buried her in a deep grave,
Within the hearing of the wave,
And bade adieu and bowed!

## V111

In Lancaster we've sat us down,
Famed for its superfine, the town
A tailor's shop of old renown,
Where all the world get suited;
Its broadcloth shipped in bales away.
To every land, to every bay,
Where men take pride in dress display.
To agents theirs deputed,

IΧ

Its steam power driving many a loom, Where many a hundred hands assume The guiding power amid the gloom

Of coal-smoke dense and dreary; Where men and women in their prime Are slaves to industry and time; Where idleness is thought a crime, Where none dare say, I'm weary.

X

Twin city in the weaving trade,
Where many a fortune has been made,
Where many a million has been paid
For calico and crape,
Old Preston, lady-dressing city,
The theme of many a clever ditty,
Of would-be wise, or would-be witty,
Spun out like thine own tape;

ΧI

Thy nimble-fingered damsels driving
Thy complex engines, each day striving
To make both ends meet, ever thriving
In midst of the uproar;
With cotton as thy stock in trade,
From which our under-clothes are made,
In which our bridesmaids are arrayed,
On every shire and shore:

## XII

The new-born infant's first of friends,
Which all through life on him attends,
And when in death his lease he ends,
Gives him a winding-sheet;
And to the kin of the deceased
Gives weepers for the funeral feast,
And surplice for the parish priest,
As to each one seems meet.

## XIII

Great Manchester! hid in the gloom,
Almost as dark as is a tomb,
Bringing forth from thy gravid womb
Monsters of ev'ry shape;
A Cosmorama filled with men
From every clime within thy ken,
Where each is glad to find a den,
And thine acquaintance scrape;

## XIV

'Cotton! King Cotton!' is thy cry;
Unnumbered bales hard pressed and dry
Upon thy loaded platforms lie,
Work for unnumbered looms;
Unnumbered hands both day and night
Thy fabrics weave by thy steam might,
And 'gainst the weaving world fight
In thy gas-lighted rooms.

## XV

First in the van of Art and Science!
Ever inventing some appliance!
Bidding all human-kind defiance,
In honest competition;
Wafting thy wares o'er every sea,
Proud of commercial pedigree,
Britannia puts her trust in thee,
Tied down by no condition.

## XVI

First to give railway speed to man,
And to the world make plain thy plan,
Which every potentate who can
Has turned to his account;
The globe itself is netted o'er
With railway lines from shore to shore,
Yet still the wish is railroads more,
No matter the amount.

## XVII

In Thirty One of this A.D.,
We rode thy engine up from sea,
Though that was done by special plea,
And not to be repeated;
When Huskisson, of nought afraid,
A living sacrifice was made
To Pluto and his ghosts of trade,
His rising hopes defeated.

#### HIVX

'Tis surely time to change thy horses,
And give us new *Electric* forces
From thy reserves and vast resources,
Piled up in thy deep vaults;
Yet well have thy old horses done
The grandest work beneath the sun,
And aliment for life have won,
Though not without some faults;

#### X1X

Who is not sick of all their clatter,
Of danger from their boiling water,
Exhaling so much peccant matter
From each asthmatic lung?
All Lancashire is charged with smoke,
And trembles at their every stroke,
And hourly kicks against the yoke,
The old folks and the young;

## XX

Yet mighty strides mankind is making, Astounding is each undertaking, At which the 'unco gude' are quaking.

Lest man again should fall;
For lightning from the skies is pressed
Into his service and caressed,
To fill with gold his iron-bound chest,
And household wherewithal.

## IXX

Aristocratic Buxton! Seated On thy seven hills, with water heated, Unknown thy age, yet not completed, Thy rambling, patchwork town; Thy landscapes, fairest of the fair, Salubrious thy hilly air, With which few cities can compare In credit and renown.

## XXII

Sick lords and ladies here resort, And in thy tepid waters sport, And to Hygeia pay their court, In truth and all sincerity, Leaving their cares at home behind; And fill their chests with thy cool wind, And find Dame Nature not unkind, Not chill'd by their temerity.

## HIXX

Here men their crutches throw aside, And learn to climb each mountain-side, And in recovered health take pride,

A new lease take of life; And exorcise their melancholy, And every sentiment unholy, Repenting of their recent folly, Amidst the world's strife.

#### VIXX

For health is here a market article,
And at a high price every particle,
Yet worth the purchase, every article,
Each potion, pill, and draught;
Doctors must live, and patients pay,
And none but Goths would say them nay,
Or, in the dumps, cut short their stay,
And grudge the nectar quaffed.

## XXV

Thy Peak is, doubtless, no great things,
More fit for beeves than mountain kings,
Yet of its grandeur some one sings,
Monotonous in mood;
But in its inmost bosom lie
Rich marbles, fit for any eye,
Which Sicily cannot outvie,
Fit for the holiest rood.

## XXVI

And in their matrix lie embedded,
As in the rock, when soft bekneaded,
Shells of all shapes and sizes, wedded—
Unregistered, unsung,
All prehistoric, every shell,
Like a museum, meant to tell
To future cycles what befell
This heaving earth when young.

## XXVII

And men with mattock and with steel,
Once living forms to us reveal;
And scientists, with fervent zeal,
Them classify and name.
And jambs and mantelpieces grand,
The wonders of the deep expand,
Which all observant eyes command,
And meet with loud acclaim.

## XXVIII

Etruscan all but in thy name,
For ages making good thy claim
(Of old Etruria thy fame)
To transcendental skill;
In working well thy potter's wheel,
From which, like Fate, there's no appeal,
Well paid for all thy honest zeal,
Imperious thy will.

## XXIX

Old Stafford, well the world knows thee, And much its every subject owes thee, And from thy tripod won't depose thee, Though rough at times the works.

Though rough at times thy wares;
Thy pots for jellies, jams, and flowers,
Thy vases fit for ladies' bowers,
Thy traps for catching summer showers,
Thy sofas, tables, chairs.

## XXX

And when to die men's thoughts are turned,
And will to have their bodies burned,
Appliances to have them urned,
The privilege is thine!
The custom's rather out of use,
But will return with more abuse
Of terra firma, so profuse,
When each may have his shrine.

## XXXI

Men see the dead with much misgiving,
The fields and gardens of the living
Possessioning, oft past forgiving,
In cemet'ries entombed;
'Tis time to think you of cremation,
And funeral rites of each old nation,
When each inurned may have his station.
In open air unhumed.

## $\Pi X X X$

Old Stafford yet may have her day.
Society may yet you pay,
And graves go out of use;
And dead Etruria may teach
What clergymen now fail to preach.
And give each urn its sacred niche,
Secured by solemn truce.

Save then thy models and thy clay:

## XXXIII

Burton-on-Trent! where Bass was born, Where potent reigns John Barleycorn, Where each can fill his golden horn 'With reaming swats divine,' A legacy to thee I owe: When jungle fever laid me low, And death seemed near with his last blow, All hopeless and supine;

## VIXXX

When medicine had lost its power, A glass of ale, given once an hour, Was my sheet-anchor and my bower, To hold my ground in Ind; And kindest friends looked on well pleased: Of his misgivings each one eased As we the grand occasion seized, And rose and faced the wind.

## XXXV

Long live the King-John Barleycorn! Long may he Staffordshire adorn! No man gets fou on his high horn, Which cheers, but does no more; Than sparkling hock more precious far, In times of peace, or times of war; Even by the kirk no left-hand bag Forbids its ample store.

#### XXXVI

Not often has it been our fate To see a fox-hunt, run in state; But fortune has been kind of late,

And given us a good mount;
We've not yet lost the saddle art,
Yet soberly will take a part,
And scan the Meet, the hounds, the start,
And render an account.

# XXXVII

All model men, with model horses,
Resplendent 'mongst the brooms and gorses.
Where Trent its languid stream enforces,
Most patient of delay;
Superlative all in degree,
The very dogs seem proud to be
The grand attraction on the lea,
Panting to be away.

## XXXVIII

Across a weald, a wold, a brook, In grand array their course they took And from the bent the dewdrops shook, In twos or threes, or more.

In twos or threes, or more.

When a 'View holloa!' rent the air,
In which all hunters took a share,
Then off as fast as they could tear
Down on the fox they bore!

## XXXXIX

Grand was the baying of the hounds! O'er briary knolls and new-ploughed grounds, Scaring the neat-herds in their rounds,

The peaweet and the hare ; Fast ran the dogs, but faster ran The wily fox on his own plan; The boldest rider in the van, Though stalwart, débonnair.

## XL.

'He's gone to earth!' the huntsman cries, And shook his whip, and damned his eyes, When swith his open hole he spies, And calls for pick and spade: And long they dug, and much they swore, As they poor Reynard's bedroom tore, When foxy 'scaped by a back-door, The cunning renegade!

## XLI

And swam the Trent, both broad and deep, And clawed his way up the clay steep, And terrified a flock of sheep On their own grazing ground;

When the 'View holloa!' rose once more, As further digging they gave o'er, And rode full tilt down to the shore, But found the depth profound.

## XLH

The huntsman now, put to the proof,
And scorning there to stand aloof,
Of the more fearless on behoof,
Plunged right into the river,
The water rising to his knees.
'Come, follow me, all you who please,
You'll soon get dry in this warm breeze
Come, forward—now or never!'

#### XLIII

And straight into the stream he strode,
And right across the current rode,
The hounds behind him, à-la-mode,
Swimming like ducks in order;
Whilst half a dozen huntsmen bold,
Followed in line, as they were told,
Thinking their jack-boots rather cold,
And reached the further border,

## XLIV

With little search the scent was found;
And the deep bay from hound to hound
Made all the hills on Trent resound,
As over hill and dale
The field went on, at utmost speed,
Touching with spur each gallant steed:
'We'll catch him yet, on wold or mead,
Our ardour cannot fail.'

#### XLV

Most crooked was the course they took,
Through forests wild, o'er bog and brook,
Hoping to bring the fox to book,
And carry home the brush;
When Reynard in their rear they spied,
As homewards to his haunts he hied,
And all the skill of man defied,
When thus put to the push.

## XLVI

And casting him into the tide,
Though not without a sense of pride,
Far—far down he was seen to glide,
Where neither dogs nor men
Could on his tail a pinch of salt
Put down, in their extreme default,
And making a grand summersault
He vanished from all ken.

## XLVII

'Twas not without a sense of pain,
And very much against their grain,
The hunters crossed the Trent again,
Led by the dog called Punch;
But when they safely had got over,
No fox's scent could they discover,
So all sat down upon the clover
And had a jolly lunch.

#### XLVIII

Before we hide our head in smoke, Or give our withers to the yoke, We'll halt a day or two at Stoke,

Precocious the season;
For Spring is putting forth each bud,
And mad March hares begin to scud,
And the express has ceased to thud,
As soon you'll learn the reason.

## XLIX

Here gentlemen and ladies fair, Well mounted sit in the cold air, Ambitious each to have a share

In the right royal sport,
Have come from town to have a run
And have a bit of jolly fun,
Now when in lavender each gun
Has ceased to give report.

Τ.

Now that we're in a playful mood, 'More hunting' not to be withstood, We'll join the pack, for bad or good,

A noble stag the quarry:
Brought from his paddock in a cart,
From his dear does most loath to part,
The hounds impatient for the start;
Their master old Sir Harry.

LI

Uncarted now, the antlered deer, O'ercome by his most fervent fear, Unfit to run a grand career,

Claimed shelter from the crowd, Thinking more mercy he would find Amongst protective humankind Than running off before the wind, Dogs after, baying loud.

## LII

Indignant at the recreant brute Refusing thus to follow suit, The huntsman drew from his jack-boot A knife, a span in length, And plunged it in the quarry's side, When the poor thing lay down and died. 'Another stag bring forth!' he cried, In his full Stentor strength.

## LIII

A better stag, from the affray Let loose, resentful, broke away; And soon the deep-mouthed buckhounds' bay Was heard o'er hill and dale. The hunters galloping and cheering, As the tired stag the dogs were nearing, To right and left, fatigued, careering, As strength began to fail.

## LIV

And now unto old Father Thames,
With hopeful heart his course he aims,
And plunges in and safety claims
From dogs and men his foes;
When like a tree-root in the tide
He stood at bay, his nostrils wide,
The cold sweat streaming down his side,
As round him bloodhounds close.

## LV

Deep was the stream: for dogs too deep,
But they dashed in all in a heap,
And swam like geese or fording sheep,
Till they the stag surrounded;
Some fast'ning on his nose and ears,
Some on his cheeks made dank by tears,
Amidst the huntsmen's frantic cheers,
Their dear delight unbounded.

## LVI

But many a good dog there was mangled, As on his panting sides they dangled, And o'er his bleeding withers wrangled,
Like vultures on their prey;
When Frank rode in, his polished rowels
Clotted with blood, and in his bowels,
In spite of some few disavowals,
Let in the light of day.

## LVII

The Thame's stream so clear and wide Was with the stag's warm heart's-blood dyed, As dogs with one another vied To lap it, though diluted; So dragging the poor beast ashore They gralloched him upon his gore, As the fierce hounds his entrails tore, And o'er their lots disputed.

## LVIII

Cut into pieces, the poor beast Was parcelled up as for a feast; Doomed to be graced by some archpriest Upon a grand occasion; Whilst all the field rode back to Stoke, And o'er 'The kill' cracked many a joke, And hied them home each to his yoke, Of each denomination.

## LIX

Ye Pseudo-sentimentalists who keep Protecting care o'er dogs and sheep, And a rich harvest yearly reap, And fatten on humanity; What say you to this fell array Against thy codes, this work-a-day? Go hide your heads in shame and pray-'God save us from insanity!'

## LX

Oh, is it true? Yes, it is true!
That your lost sight you've got anew,
And as your wont all things can view
On earth, in air or sky;
That you again can read your Greek,
And find off hand the lines you seek,
And chronicle the words you speak
With an enraptured eye.

## LXI

Homer and Milton closed their days
In crassest darkness, crowned with bays,
Contented with their nation's praise,
When in poetic mood;
You too your occultation bore
In silence like those bards of yore,
Reflective, seated on the shore,
In all things finding good.

## LXII

The healthful breeze, the thudding wave.
That the smooth pebbles wont to lave,
The passing throng, or gay or grave,
You listened to, content;
Your wife, a daughter, or a friend
Ready upon you to attend,
And in your walks an arm to lend,
Where'er your steps were bent.

## LXIII

Then Critchett made his grand appeal,
And with his needle-pointed steel
And ambidexter skill and zeal
The curtain tore away;
And made all clear where all was dark,
As by a bright electric spark,
When you arose fresh as a lark
Restored to light of day!

## LXIV

Remembrances of thee and thine
Are treasured up as in a mine,
Which through dark years have seemed to shine
With phosphorescent light;
A pocketful of admiration
I've got to pay, due to thy station,
A fav'rite painter of the nation
Which owns thy pencil's might.

## LXV

No tricks are thine to angelize
The human form, its lips and eyes,
And take the public by surprise
At thy transcendent skill;
But truth and nought but truth's thy aim,
Truth neither vulgarized nor tame
Has raised you to your present fame
Upon the Muse's Hill.

# R.A.M.C. HEADSUARTER MESS

LEANY, LONGON SWIL

#### LXVI

You've chosen well the Golden Mean,
The glaring and the grave between,
And filled with life each canvas screen;
Thy subjects almost speak;
Hogarth and Wilkie there combining,
Thy lines and touches re-refining,
With heaven's pure daylight o'er them shining,
As if they spoke in Greek.

#### LXVII

No fading there, no wear of years,
No draining dry the cup that cheers,
No wiping off the crystal tears,
Shed by the love-sick maid.
Thy boys live boys, thy men live men,
Though only ten or threescore ten,
Familiar to our olden ken,
And superscribed John Faed.

## CANTO SIXTH.

ĭ

A LINK between the living and the dead,
A golden link worn out, has now been broken;
The soul that animated it has fled—

A broken pitcher at the well, the token; Like his own spirit lamp, the lambent flame Has flickered out, and left us but a name.

H

Yes! Christison is dead! So full of years!
Like one asleep he calmly passed away,
Watched by his sons in anguish and in tears,
Unconsciously about the dawn of day;
And now St. George's bell proclaims aloud
That what was mortal lies beneath a shroud.

III

And Alma Mater's sons like orphans stand
At college corners, mourning for his loss;
Their Nestor gone! No more to wield his wand,
And total up the profit or the loss
Of all things alimental, good or bad;
On life's long lane, too oft in mourning clad.

IV

Consulting referee in life or death,

His juniors sought his aid in utmost need,

When death seemed near to stop some patient's breath,

And found in him a councillor indeed;

And many a one, though dying, lived to bless

His sound advice in times of deep distress.

v

The terror of the poisoners who kill,

And think to hide their crimes in the dark grave,
His was the jurisprudence and the skill

To bring to justice many a guilty knave;
And mankind, reassured, a poisoned chalice
Have ceased to dread, in cottage or in palace.

VΙ

We knew him as a master and a man,

Have in his classroom sat and at his table,

Met him at banquets on a splendid plan—

To sing a good song, no one there more able:

A Captain Volunteers, he doffed his gown,

Ready to fight for City or for Crown.

VII

The City Council mourn him as a child

That rose to fame beneath its fostering care:
And at his grand career looked on and smiled,
And cushioned well his professorial chair;
And Majesty with circumspective eye
Enrolled him 'mongst her nobles, with a sigh.

#### VIII

Short has the tenure of his honours been;
But they'll live after him, as will his name
From year to year, like a great evergreen,
An arbor vitæ near the fane of fame.

An arbor vitæ near the fane of fame, Where his sage volumes shelved, will have a place For ready reference, with all good grace.

## IX

This is his burial-day! A genial day!

The first of Spring as given for the occasion;

The mourning City in its best array,

Its Guilds all there, of each denomination:

The Bench, the Bar, the Kirk, the University,

And Town and Gown in all their wide diversity.

## v

The varnished coffin on a martial car,
Bestrown with garlands of the rarest flowers,
Like a dead Roman's going home from war,
Open alike unto the sun or showers;
The line of march the multitude subtending,
Without beginning as without an ending.

## ΧI

All through the streets, in silence and on foot,

The grand procession moved in solemn order;

No band was there, the drums and bells were mute;

Whilst looked down many a landlord, many a boarder;

The Calton Hill alive with men and women,

And from the ships in Leith some able seamen.

## X11

Past Burns's Monument the *cortége* passed,
And overlooking Holyrood, descended
'Mongst tombs and cenotaphs and columns vast,
Where many a Scottish worthy lay extended;
Names writ in history, here cut in stone,
Some sleepers worthy of a gilded throne.

## XIII

There let us leave him planted in the earth,
Watched o'er by Arthur's Seat beveiled with clouds,
Like a good Christian waiting his new birth;
Whilst vanish from the grave the mourning crowds,
Each to his home and his pursuits returning—
We to our stanzas, other thoughts adjourning.

## XIV

Whilst Spring its anniversary is keeping,
And trees begin to bud and birds to pair,
And heaven its blessings on our head is heaping,
And gratitude pours forth its fervent prayer,
It well becomes us to kneel down and praise
The Giver of all good in our best lays.

## xv

Threescore and seventeen years we've now completed Since the first Spring dawned on our infant eyes. Since the bright sun our open eyelids greeted, And led us on to manhood's enterprise And God's best blessing, Health, a lengthened lease Of life has given us, or in War or Peace.

## XVI

The fleeting years assigned to man outnumb'ring,
Our steps are stable still, our coat well filled;
No straitened circumstance our path incumb'ring,
Our love of poesy and fame unchilled,
Though Philistines our teeming volumes scorn,
We've pinned our faith to readers yet unborn.

## XVII

Born under Mars, our life to Mars consigned,
Not ours to draw the sword or point the gun;
Our *rôle* the sick to cure, the wounds to bind,
Yea, even the foeman's wounds though on the run,
When fields were lost, and kingdoms were the prize,

## XVIII

And kings and subjects fell, no more to rise.

We've seen the fierce Mahratta fight and fail,
We've seen the Sikhs disarmed walk through the
yoke,

An Afghan army we have seen turn tail, And their invasion end in a revoke; We've seen the army of the Golden Foot Before our prowess run in full deroute.

## XIX

More dreadful far than war, we've ofttimes seen
Deadly disease invade our peaceful camp,
Like a destroying angel, though unseen,
The courage of the bravest sadly damp;
And singlehanded in the general dread
Have striven amidst the dying and the dead.

#### XX

Like an old oak spared by the woodman's axe,
When thousands were laid low on right and left,
How many better men have paid the tax
To death's commissioners, of life bereft;
A quittance faint as is a tale of old,
Their story in the Doomsday Book enrolled.

## XXI

Modern Athenians! So bleak and bare,
So skin-and-bony, why stands Arthur's Seat?
With such superlatives 'tis not quite fair
Thus thivelessly about the bush to beat;
But half its grandeur is brought into view,
And little but its Drive it owes to you.

## XXII

No doubt a grand one, worthy of our Queen,
Though rarely she is seen upon her Drive,
But when she is, 'tis good for some sair een,
And smedum puts in everyone alive;
When patriotic zeal breaks out and burns,
Just like thy Brush light, pale and bright by turns.

## XXIII

The pines that clothed its shoulders once are gone,
Cut down to burn or boil thy porridge-pots;
Not now a broom-bush can it call its own,
Its very green grass you let out in lots:
A pugilist may stand with bosom bare,
But for a Ben to do't is something rare.

#### XXIV

Go throw an oaken plaid around its shoulders,
And hang a pine-tree kilt around its hurdies,
And dispossess it of these ugly boulders,
And give some shelter to thy bits of burdies,
And build an obelisk upon its crown,
With slabs for Archons' names of high renown.

## XXV

Go make an Alpine arboretum there,
Of oaks, and elms, and pines of every order;
Let Canada contribute a good share,
And Finland seated on the Baltic border;
And California its Wellingtonians,
And Patagonia its Patagonians.

# XXVI

Thy gardens East and West you've made the most of,
And verily have made them most delightful,
Even the most miserly don't grudge the cost of;
There something takes the eye of the most spiteful,
Though thy late winter weather so despotic
Has maimed or killed outright the trees exotic.

## XXVII

And yet plants flourish there in virgin purity,
With nought to harm them but the reek and clouds,
No locks nor keys required for their security,

Or keep at arm's length the admiring crowds; Each man is a Conservative in fact, Ready to seize a culprit in the act.

## IIIVXX

As for thy Calton Hill, just let it stand
A grand Valhalla for thy sons of fame,
For Scottish worthies, worthy of the land,
Who never put their countrymen to shame;
Rome's Pincian adopting par example
Thy Rhind can give you sculpture sum and sample.

## XXIX

Late—Parliament assembled in great state,
Each party armed for action in their places,
In their most secret thoughts intensest hate,
Ungovernable rage seen in their faces:
The Outs outcrying Woe! Woe! to the Nation;
The Ins confuting every imputation.

## XXX

Like Counsellors in Court, no plea is wanting
To shake the pedestals of those in power;
Their tactics when in office now recanting,
New arguments they rake up for the hour;
And old Britannia shakes in her shoes,
As her best institutions they abuse.

## IXXX

Like mutineers who strive to sink their ship,

Its crew and cargo, for the hoped-for plunder,
The cry of danger's ever on their lip;

From keel to truck on everything they thunder,
And sap authority given for the sailing,
And 'gainst their reckning are ever railing.

## HXXX

Alliances unholy are matured, The Irish legionaries are bought over, And some few recreants have been secured, Though doubts and difficulties round them hover: A grand pitched battle now is in the distance, And every Member whipt up to assistance.

# HIXXX

And long orations studied in their homes, Are on the Ministers of State exploded, And chronicled in Hansard's mighty tomes, The speedy downfall of the Whigs foreboded; And their successors, on mature reflection, Are covertly enrolled on their ejection.

Obstruction is the policy of all,

## XXXIV

And words and words, mere words, their means, and ways: Arch-thieves of time, they in their places bawl, And study as an art the law's delays, And obstacles unheard of tumble down

# XXXV

To check the urgent business of the Crown.

And English rowdyism there is seen,

Ignobly noble in its moods and tenses; And Irish blackguardism too, I ween, Some speakers seeming to have lost their senses: Prevarication and vituperation The right and left hand weapons of each station;

## XXXVI

And readers sicken of their wrangling wars,
And almost wish for old despotic powers.
Unworthy of their seats such midnight jars,
When Revolution through the chamber lours,
And malcontents rejoice to think that they
May share the spoils of State some early day.

## XXXVII

Meantime the sons of Erin madly rage,
With bloody hands and fell resentful speeches,
War to the knife and the revolver wage,
Their priest at Mass crime and disunion teaches;
Her best men at their firesides are shot,
And Ireland has become one bloody blot!

## XXXVIII

Its gaols are filled with its rebellious men,
Its very women fan the smouldering embers;
The beasts upon the fields or in the glen
Are slaughtered out of spite, and even its Members
In Parliament assembled speak high treason,
Most disregardful of all right and reason.

# XXXIX

Meantime the peers Conservative conspire

To quarrel with the Commons à outrance,
And set the House in flames as by Greek fire,
And round about its lobbies madly dance,
And raise a hurricane to fan the flame,
Resentful of all decency and shame.

## XL

The long-fomented battle has been fought, The Tories and their allies have been beat; The children of misrule have now been taught That their late tactics were most indiscreet; The rocks obstructive have been rolled away, And Oppositionists are in dismay.

## LIY

What deed of horror there has taken place? The Royal chariot why with men surrounded? Her Majesty with anguish in her face, At what enormity is she astounded? Amongst her people never more secure, Her confidence at all times firm and sure.

# XLII

'A pistol at the Queen has just been fired, The smoke is still revolving round her head; That miscreant so wretchedly attired, Apparently in want of daily bread, Has dared to shoot our well-beloved Queen, The centre of attraction of that scene.'

# XLIII.

Disarmed and overpowered in the affray, The crowd resentive scarce refrain from tearing The wretch to pieces in their fierce array; The Eton boys in their resentment sharing, As safe from harm the culprit led away Is locked up—for the deed his life to pay.

#### XLIV

But a charmed life Her Majesty has got,
And, nought the worse, drove off to Windsor Tower.
Undiscomposed by one more erring shot,
Her fate at all times in such felons' power;
And thanked her God, the God of earth and heaven,
For this and every other mercy given.

## XLV

Great was the panic in the bustling City
When the intelligence was known on Change;
Astonishment, resentment, joy and pity
Possessed the populace in tumult strange:
For such an outrage no one could have dreamed,
And dangers past make sovereigns more esteemed.

## XLVI

And telegrams and messages pour in—
Congratulations from the House of Peers,
From Commoners without and those within,
From City guilds and schools of youthful years:
Of so much loyalty to be assured,
'Twas almost worth the agony endured.

# XLVII

And City laureates in plaintive rhyme
New anthems full of sentiment indited,
And set to music sacred and sublime,
Attentive listeners in church delighted;
And even the bishops, with right reverend mien,
Ended their prayers with 'God save the Queen!

# XLVIII

'God bless her in her family and people!
God guide her on the voyage now projected!
Long may the British standard on each steeple
Along her route be honoured and protected!
May she come back with health and strength improved,
With all cause of anxiety removed!'

# XLIX

And every incident and every attitude
Was soon in print and graven to the life—
The journals picturesque had ample latitude,
Great was the competition and the strife
To get possession of the stunning news,
In every mansion and in every mews.

L

Let's pay a visit to the Channel Tunnel!

Ten years ago we urged its consummation,

When men and women languished o'er the gun'ale,

And cursed the rebel waves in sheer prostration,

And France and England rated for neglect,

As sadly wanting in their self-respect.

LI

Well, they've begun and drilled a mile into
The old grey chalk with most surprising ease,
Few obstacles opposing, old or new,
The stratum friable as an old cheese;
Like moles their excavations upwards heaving,
Proofs positive unto the unbelieving.

#### LH

Nor laggard are the French on their own shore,
Their boring operations in full action,
To have their share in 'The infernal bore,'
To meet us half seas over the joint paction,
And to the sea-sick timid world declare
A dry road clear 'tween France and Angleterre.

## LIII

But as in enterprises of great weight
Loud is the outcry of the babbling world,
'Great is the danger to both Church and State;'
And many a footstool at the scheme is hurled,
Lest the frog-eating Frenchmen some May morn
Should make a capture of the cliff The Shorn,

## LIV

And pell-mell march right up to London Town,
And fill each smoky misty street with slaughter,
And rob the Bank of every silver crown,
And take possession of each pretty daughter:
And pitch their camp on Hyde Park in grand state,
And lord it over England rich and great.

# LV

Avaunt, ye Croakers! Ye Cassandras, fie!

Throw no cold water on the vast projection!

With thy spare capital go now and buy

Some shares to hasten through the joint connection:

Depend upon it, they will pay you well;

The Globe all o'er has no such parallel.

## LVI

A lady telegraphist with a wire
And pound of dynamite hid in a mine
Might in five minutes, at the Crown's desire,
Stop all invasion by the Tunnel Line;
And calm the perturbation in the breast
Of the most timid in his great unrest.

## LVII

Is Albion in senility so lost,

Lost in effeminacy and in fear,

As thus to dread the great Napoleon's ghost,

And draw upon her every Frenchman's sneer?

Go on, Sir Edward! Dread not the wild sea!

And I thy poet-laureate will be.

# LVIII

The welcome Easter Holidays have come, And worn-out legislators have reprieve; Westminster Hall and Lobbies cease to hum, Yea, even Her Majesty has gone on leave; And recreation is enjoyed by all, Where'er their lot in life has chanced to fall.

# LIX

Why all this stir in town, this grand commotion—
Men under arms equipped for instant action?
Have our old foes the Frenchmen crossed the ocean,
And in the plenitude of their distraction
A midnight landing on our Isle effected,
As if the British shores were unprotected?

#### 1.X

No, these are but our London Volunteers,
Prepared to have an Easter Monday Outing;
Light are their footsteps, as become their years,
Their haversacks all filled beyond misdoubting,
For want of enemies obliged to fight
Their fellow-citizens in mimic might.

## LXI

One army the defence of Portsmouth claims;
The other by a coup de main to take it,
And wrap the stocks and arsenals in flames,
Or by a scathing cannonade to shake it,
And set a man-o'-war or two on fire,
And on the garrison to vent their ire.

## LX11

Now front to front two hostile armies stand,
Redoubtable, each thirteen thousand strong;
Artillery and cavalry so grand,
The infantry battalions among;
And formed in line the fierce attack is sounded,
With ambulances for the killed and wounded.

# LXIII

Loud roared the Armstrong guns, as thunder loud:

Nearer and nearer they approached the foe;

Each battery soon hid in its own cloud,

Through which the belching flames were seen t glow,

Until, their ammunition all expended, They fell into the rear, their day's work ended.

## LXIV

'Up, boys, and at them!' cried the Port-defender, And all along the line the rifles rattled; 'Drive off into the sea that proud pretender! 'Tis not the first time we with him have battled. On, Volunteers! and tread the foemen down, And win a silver medal from the Crown!'

## LXV

But the assailants firmly kept their ground, And shot for shot returned along the line, Till not an order, not a bugle-sound, By human ear was heard on the incline; When, lost in smoke, each army stood at bay, Expecting, when it cleared, to have the day.

## LXVI

But when the smoke cleared off, a fleet from sea Opened on the invaders in grand style; Round shot and shell played on them piteous-lee, Whilst clouds of sailors, deeply skilled in guile, Broke up their rear, and helped to win the day, And found them sinking under their dismay.

# LXVII

And then a truce was called, and arms were piled, And each man squatted down upon the plain, His haversack ungirt, tame as a child-Though vanquished, not a man among them slain-

And ate and drank his fill, till called to arms, He found that volunteering had its charms;

## LXVIII

For all the belles and beaux of martial Hants
Looked on, enamoured of the grand array,
Delighted with the bagpipes' Highland rants,
Drowning in din the furious affray,
As the long line marched off, with modest mien.
At quick-step, pealing loud, 'God Save the Queen.'

## LXIX

Though somewhat gelid is the vernal breeze,
And overcoats are worn by the discreet,
Edina now unhives her busy bees,
And winter students fellow-students greet;
A grand Review of Graduates is held,
And the vast Synod Hall with lore is swelled.

# LXX

Study's last goal is now within their reach,
Each exequatur has gone forth in type;
To-morrow all may practise or may preach,
Their blushing honours all matured and ripe.
The final capping now alone remains,
The last reward of study and of pains.

# LXX1

The U. P. Hall, transcendently so grand,
Is filled to overflowing with their friends:
The senators, the wisest in the land,
Assume their places as the audience lends
Attentive ears to each conferred degree,
Prepared this night to have a jubilee.

## LXXII

Law, physic, and divinity have there
Their masters in their silken robes and ermine;
A baronet resplendent in the chair,
The order of precedence to determine;
And reverend seniors whom all revere,
Recipients of honours, too appear.

## LXXIII

And one by one the graduates advance, [places; Get capped and gowned, and, flushed, resume their Whilst fathers, sisters, lovers, on them glance, The damsels prodigal of their good graces, Willing to link themselves unto their fate, In trade, in peace or war, in Church or State.

# LXXIV

And many nationalities are there,

Come from afar to study in her schools,
And of her daily bread to have a share,
And shape their course through life by her stern rules;
And carry home her sciences and arts,
And in their native climes to play their parts.

## LXXV

And great men there *in petto* look around,

The future cynosures of courts and camps,
Whose names will yet through the wide world resound,
Whose tomes will yet be conned by midnight lamps;
The healers of the sick, the lame, and blind,
Dispensing blessings to all humankind.

# LXXVI

The grandest crisis in their lives has come,
When they must quit their homes and front the world;
But where to force an entrance, whither roam,
Whither to steer their course with flag unfurled,
Is the perplexity of one and all,
To whom existence seems one hustling brawl,
And the wide world entire one desperate, dismal thrall.

# RILLBANK, LONDON, S.W.L.

# CANTO SEVENTH.

Ī

A DEED of horror, a most monstrous crime,
Has just been signalized in open day:
Two statesmen, high in office, in their prime,
Were slaughtered yesterday in open day;
Four murderers, alighting from a car,
Stabbed them to death, as if in open war:

ΙI

Within the precincts of the Phœnix Park,
As they walked home, their daily duty done,
Not overshadowed by a midnight dark,
But in the soft rays of a setting sun,
Under the eyes of Erin's best Viceroy,
No other witness but a nesting-boy.

III

Mounting in haste they hurried fast away,
All unmolested by the saunt'ring crowd,
Whilst the two murdered men, amidst dismay,
Were carried home, the sky alone their shroud.
Their mortal wounds, by dagger or by knife,
Made patent to all eyes the awful strife.

IV

Had four wild tigers bounded from the wood,
And fleshed their fangs upon the unarmed men,
And drenched the verdant turf with their hearts' blood,
And bounded back to their blood-guilty den,
The world would not have been so much astounded,
The horror of the murder more unbounded.

V

Blush, Erin! that such fiends should be thy sons,
That thus thy benefactors should have perished:
But the fell deed will sanctify their bones,
Their memories by best men will be cherished.
A living sacrifice, for thee they bled,
But long-enduring fame have gained instead.

VI

Conciliation held in either hand,

First offering of his inauguration,

With sympathies for a self-injured land,

And wishes to raise up a prostrate nation,

Thy Secretary fell, a victim dire,

To Irish turbulence and Fenian ire,

VII

And a great family, mankind adorning.

The props of State, advisers of the nation,
Are, in their greatness, prostrate and in mourning,
Though noted always for their abnegation;
And Chatsworth, though a paradise on earth,
Is now no more the seat of pomp and mirth.

#### VIII

All England mourns, all British subjects mourn, Conservatives and Liberals alike; And the debates in Parliament adjourn, And tongues prepared to rail refuse to strike, And enmities are lost in common cause, And mutual reprisals have a pause.

#### IX

Great wars between great powers have been appeased By the self-sacrifice of one great man, And peace has followed, everyone well pleased; And flags of truce have waved on either van, And on debated ground both chiefs have met, And all unarmed, down to a banquet set.

## X

So parties, Outs and Ins, the olive-branch Display on every bench, on every floor, Eager each other's bleeding wounds to staunch, And dip their kerchiefs in each other's gore, To keep as truest symbol of a peace, Willing that for all time such wars should cease.

# ΧI

Now statesmen of all parties, In and Out, In Chatsworth have assembled, draped in crape; And in the funeral obsequies devout Commingle, and their steps to En'sor shape, The forest splendour of the duke's demesne All unperceived amidst the sable scene.

#### XII

And in the family vault they laid him down,
Where his great ancestors at rest are laid,
Hallowed by their achievements and renown,
Whose names in history will never fade.
The noblest of the land the mourners there,
Willing in the cortége a part to bear.

#### XIII

But where are now the slayers of the slain—
The malefactors of the Phœnix Park?
All evidence as yet has been in vain,
The dreadful act impenetrably dark;
Dark as the grave, dark as an earthquake's womb,
Lost as the charge of an exploded bomb.

## XIV

Yet thousands hold the secret in each heart,
And cherish it as if it were a treasure;
And thousands more had in it ta'en a part,
But helped to hide it as it were a pleasure,
And laughed to scorn Britannia's means and ways,
And in the Land League centred all their praise.

## XV

Thus Erin made a hell, her hellhounds here
Rave through this land and squat in every town:
For every honest man they have a sneer,
For every husbandman they have a frown;
Brigands at heart, but murderers in will,
Who make the blood within one's veins run chill.

#### XVI

'Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!'
Awed by thy memories, August Loch Awe,
To thee our poor petitions we address,
And from the fierce contentious world withdraw,
Where men their fellow-men in transport tear,
Or in the Commons or the house of prayer.

#### XVII

The war of kirks, all militant, the jar
Of thinking with freethinking men astound us;
Each with its own peculiar guiding star,
Studding the firmament, with blaze confound us;
Old faiths and new faiths ever on the wrangle,
Their fishermen for ever on the angle.

## XVIII

To see the rancour of this bustling world;
Its iteration takes away one's breath;
Each well-meant motion from its base is hurled,
And creeds that have endured from pristine time
Are outcasts now and thought no more sublime.

We're sick at heart, sick almost unto death,

# XIX

At noon in Waverley we took our places,
At eve we dined in state upon Loch Awe;
The new hotel, as furnished by the Graces,
Delectable all over; not a flaw
In comfort or in taste there to be seen,
And oaks and birches greenest of the green.

## XX

All Nature here is cool, if not unkind;
Her blossomry displayed as yet but small,
Some freezing zephyrs mixing with the wind,
Some milk-white torrents down the mountain brawl,
Some white sea-horses gallop o'er the lake,
And on the rocky promontories break.

#### XXI

Here Nature scorns the spade, the plough and harrow, And grows her grass and heather independent, And from the meads or mountains sucks her marrow, And robes them in a coverture resplendent, Of oaks and ashes, birches, filberts green, The denizens of every sylvan scene.

# XXII

Few feathered tribes here colonize the woods,
Few song-birds fill the ear with vocal notes:
The curlew, cuckoo, peewit, as their moods,
Give curt expression from their husky throats;
And some stray swallows twitter in the air,
And though keen-sighted, find but slender fare.

# XXIII

For summer yet asserts her rights in vain,
And winter keeps its ground, not quite defeated;
And floods and tempests, mixed with hail and rain,
Are the alternatives to which we're treated,
Yet in another week, in its decline
The sun will wane, on southern shores to shine.

#### XXIV

Yet here Waltonians their cunning cherish, Deluded mortals! doomed to toil in vain; When in such weather feeble men would perish; But like the ducks, impervious to rain, They fish in waterproof, the live day long, Both male and female, delicate or strong.

## XXV

Loch Awe is spoiled by internecine war: The brigand pikes devour the slender fry, The spotted trout, and even the sacred par, In infancy are often doomed to die; And full-grown salmon, with such dangers fraught, Are but on rare occasions to be caught.

## XXVI

No waterfowl can live upon the water, No water-hens dare wade among the reeds; There! pikes, like sharks, are ever bent on slaughter, Each grandmamma can tell their bloody deeds; Two cygnets to them lately fell a prey, And filled the parent swans with deep dismay.

# XXVII

And no long time ago a hatching hen, Step-mother to a brood of tender ducklings, Emerging from a cot within a glen, Where they were fostered with two lambkin sucklings, When the whole brood swam off into the lake, Leaving their foster-mother in the brake.

## XXVIII

And merrily the urchins piped and paddled
On their true element with all delighted,
And far beyond their ken at last skedaddled,
When two gaunt pikes the valued prizes sighted,
And captured the whole squadron in a trice,
As if they had been mowdiworts or mice.

## XXIX

Yea, even the seagulls coming here to breed
Are fearful of alighting on the lake,
And pick up crumbs, on wing in utmost need,
To such fresh-water sharks all wide awake,
And nest their eggs in safety on some isle
Where buttercups and gowans round them smile.

# xxx

But tardy sunshine has at last arrived

And driven the mist, and clouds, and rain away;

The ruby tints on heather are revived,

And picturesque and grand each Ben's display; And shearing has begun, and thankful sheep, Like pearls, stud each wold and Alpine steep.

# XXXI

No red-deer ramble here, the shaggy steer
And black-faced sheep alone the mountains climb:
Each steer a picture in its wild career,
Each lamb a model of the olden time—
All at their leisure nibbling the wild flowers,
And made the whiter by the frequent showers.

## XXXII

And every Ben is mirrored on the lake,
And every birchen wood and grassy hill;
And milch-cows seem to graze on every brake,
And crystalline as life seems every rill,
And motionless seems every willow wand,
Whilst stolid oxen sleep upon the sand.

## XXXIII

And old Kilchurn, in ruins, seems to smile
Upon the railway trains swift rattling by,
And bare Ben Cruachan in each defile
Echoes their whistle most resentfully,
And scans the steamers ploughing up the lake
As if its very heart of hearts would break.

# XXXIV

Oh for a spell of the good olden times!
Oh for a welkin blue!
Oh for a fountain of clear-running rhymes!
Oh for our clansmen true!
Oh for our lassies so artless in heart!
Oh for a pibroch to stir our old heart!
Oh for a Highland reel joy to impart!
Oh for some old mountain dew!

# XXXV

No Gregor MacGregor in kilt or in trews
Upon our Loch Awe can we meet;
But clod-hopping navvies in Brobdinag shoes,
In dull Lowland accents that greet;
And thundering engines destroy our night's rest,
And bitterest curses bring up in our breast,
To ban that outlandish, that ear-splitting pest,
For here we can find no retreat.

## XXXVI

No eagles their eyries now build on our Bens,
Or soar through the smoke-laden air;
No red-deer grow fat in our woods or our glens,
No game but the poor puny hare;
The blackcock or kailzie is heard not on high,
The lapwing and curlew are wary and shy,
And unto Loch Awe now—not far, is the cry,
And all is wrapt up in despair.

# HYZZZ

No bold rowers row now, the pride of the Highlands.

No white sails bespangle the deep;

No turreted castles begem its green islands.

No banner is hung from a keep;

But spluttering steam-boats engross all attention.

And kettle-fed launches not worthy to mention.

And pine rafts most worthy of all reprehension,

Such drudges oblige us to weep!

## HIVXXX

Our month is up: Adieu, Loch Awe! To thy sweet isles adieu; Adieu, Kilchurn, and each auld wa, Adieu, each Ben so blue! Thy new hotel long may it stand A beacon on thy rocky strand, And every passer-by command Unto its colours true.

#### XXXXX

Strong blows the wind, fast falls the rain, In grand west Highland style; But reckless stands the willing train, Whilst through the windows smile Cockneys and Lowlanders in tweeds, A widow in her well-worn weeds, A Benedictine with his beads, Sworn enemy to guile.

#### XL.

Loud snorts the iron horse on the rail, Fierce hisses out the steam, Melting into the drifting gale; And now the engine's scream Sounds Go ahead! and off we go, In speed outstripping even the crow, Or arrow from the longest bow, Invincible the team.

#### X1.1

And up the Orchy to Dalmally,
And upper to Tyndrum,
With little time to shillyshally,
Where Nature all is dumb;
Where barrenness asserts its sway,
The hills as hard as the highway,
And rocks and moss-hags in array
Assert their kingdom come.

## XLII

Where every rift has got its rill,
Fit to drive any mountain mill,
Or any Grampian valley fill
With mingled mud and water;
Whilst pitifully the shorn sheep
Trundle adown from every steep,
And into cozy corners creep,
No risk of instant slaughter.

# XLIII

But now we bid our train good-speed.
And on a wagonette proceed,
And drive down, down into a mead
Washed by the Loch of Earn,
Where some complacent mortals fish,
Success not equal to their wish,
Ending their trolling with a Pish!
With patience yet to learn.

#### XLIV

But now the weather seems to mend, And of the floods we'll have an end; And glints of sun a radiance lend Unto a gentler scene; And a tall rainbow shows its glow On many a hill and dale below, As evening shadows longer grow, Make charming each demesne.

## XLV

Strath Earn, Dame Nature's favourite child! With landscape upon landscape piled, And climate mildest of the mild, In most profuse redundance; Thou motherland of noble men, Famed for their swords, their seals, their pen, Familiar to each schoolboy's ken, In bountiful abundance.

# XLVI

Much have we heard of thee and thine, Much have we longed to see thee shine, And round some hopeful stem to twine A wreath of our best bays. Long may you live in growth and grace, Long may you keep your pride of place, Long may thy sons prolong thy race, And reap auld Scotia's praise!

#### XLVII

Rich as the Lothians thy soil,
Rewarding well the farmer's toil;
Fruitful in wheat, and roots, and oil,
Thy quarries a rich treasure;
Thy beeches, elms, and ashes grow,
Gigantic every trunk and bough;
Thy rivers bountiful in flow,
Thy dairies rich in measure.

#### XLVIII

Good health rejoices to be here,
And invalids both far and near,
On thy Mount Pellier so clear,
Grow better day by day,
With strength returning to the weak,
And roses to the pallid cheek,
Each finding all he came to seek,
And happier walks away.

# XLIX

Would we could say thy spacious river,
With monarchs of the flood, as ever
Was richly stocked; that murrain never
Had visited its tide,
Whose waters, ever crystal clear,
With no foul smells or taints to fear,
Delight both nose and eye and ear,
Strath Earn's chief joy and pride.

L

But there disease and death hath raged, With virulence all unassuaged; And full-grown salmon, unpresaged, Have by the dozen died, And lain like offal on its shore, Unfit for kitchen use or store, Which all true fishermen deplore Throughout the valley wide.

LI

Ye piscatory youngsters spare The silver par worth all thy care, The full-grown salmon's life to share, In seasons more propitious,

Unhook them gently, throw them back, Nor make them bait for savage jack; At best, when fried, they're but a snack, Unto the most capricious.

TIT

But angling on the Earn is vanity, And little short of sheer insanity! Discreditable to humanity

Its pitiful restrictions, Taxed by the week, the day, or hour, By myrmidons in place and power, Who stranger fishermen devour With their enforced inflictions.

#### LIII

Now somewhat sorry, we have bid adieu

To Crieff, its fertile fields, and beechen woods,
And genial clime, and skies of azure blue,
And plenitude of best of worldly goods,
Where health is studied in its gentlest ways,
For all that leave it say good-bye with praise,

#### LIV

Where magnates of each manor ope each gate
And lawn unto the well-conducted stranger,
Who through their rich parterres patrol, elate,
All unescorted by a forest ranger;
Nor violate the trust in them reposed,
Nor give good reason to have had them closed.

#### T.V

Old Perth! Quite other scenes await us here.
Crusty, and grim, and work-a-day's thy town;
Robbed of thy birthright by a young compeer,
In its cold shadows you are forced to frown.
Though lost in smoke and ashes, state and wealth
Seem to have left you, as it were, by stealth.

# LVI

Washed by the tide, no barges, commerce-laden,
Import prosperity into thy streets;
That antique man-beheading, bloody maiden
Has left its traces on most folks one meets;
Heedless they seem to stroll through their old city.
Resentful of all sympathy or pity.

## LVII

Thy station's but a meeting-place, a pest, A scene of change and vexing hurry-scurry, Putting the best of tempers to the test, Amidst a vast amount of noise and worry, When some defaulting train the rest embroils, And angry passengers keeps in the toils.

## LVIII

And that confounded Highland train, that bothers All other trains at every stopping-station, Which all good temper, man's or woman's, bothers Who spare not malison—or objurgation, And wish for coaches back again with unction, And ban the causes of so much perfunction.

## LIX

Thy Royal George, unworthy of these times, Is only worthy of thy Scottish kings; Thy feebly sounding, paralytic chimes Are well enough for one that grimly clings Unto antiquity to keep its place In the advancing world's impetuous race.

# LX

Howe'er, thy bridge is worthy of all praise, And you have widened it with artful skill, And given it ampler beam, and new footways, A creditable part for aye to fill, A lesson London councillors might learn, And learn good sense from nonsense to discern.

#### LXI

But thy great Tay maintains its reputation,
Where monarchs of the flood in shoals frequent;
Their fish most valued throughout every nation,
Yielding unto old Perth a goodly rent;
The daily take with every rising tide,
A provost's ransom and a provost's pride.

## LXII

Now on again by railway to Blairgowrie,

Through corn-fields, turnip-fields, and pastures green,
Where every cottage is made neat and bowery,
And perfumed with the sweetest pea and bean,
As bare-legged laddies hie them home from school,
Slung on their sides a copy-book and rule.

# LXIII

No more beholden to the rail, we mount
A char-a-banc, drawn by four nimble nags,
Whilst our good Jehu of his charge takes count,
And stows away their trunks and leathern bags,
And takes his seat and swishes in the air
His lengthy lash, and makes the village stare.

# LXIV

Now up the river Ericht we ascend,

Through groves of stately larch and silver pine,
The road all perfect, every hilly bend,
As made by General Wade, great in that line,

When every Highland road, as has been said, Much to his credit, was a general wade!

## LXV

There Rattray Castle sentinels the river, The owner good a general, known to fame, Who saved his Indian pice and his good liver, To habitate the castle of his name, Perched on a precipice that makes one shiver, As if built there to fall, yet standing ever.

#### LXVI

Now up, and up, and up, we team at ease, The river growing slenderer apace, Through stony glades, through clumps of birchen trees, Where once Prince Charlie's pikemen ran their race, Where many a hunting-box bestuds the wood, Where many a bothie, many a clachan stood.

# LXVII

Both cold and hungry, in a gale of wind, The Spital of Glenshee invites us in, When a good table deftly spread we find, And help ourselves amidst a deal of din-A devil-take-the-hindmost sort of scramble, With scanty grace and scantier preamble.

# LXVIII

Now, man and horse refreshed, we take the road, And seem to leave the Lowland world behind, Some extra stone weight added to the load, On the look-out for a fat buck or hind, Or grouse or blackcock nibbling at the heather, Regardless of continued stormy weather.

## LXIX

Up picturesque Glenbeg, without a tree,
Without a shrub to sate a hungry goat;
Each mountain top of loftiest pedigree,
The subject of full many an anecdote,
Around whose bases many a vast moraine
Stretches its well-marked mounds into the plain.

## LXX

The testament of prehistoric ages!

When Arctic rigour reigned on hill and dale,
When glaciers wrote their works on Nature's pages,
As many a ridge and hollow tell the tale,
Where many a monster boulder, borne away
From rocks above, lies now in the stiff clay.

# LXXI

Each mound a magazine of precious stones,

Torn from their native beds by wind and rain,
The olden mountains' veritable bones,

Convenient to be disinterred again
By skilled geologists in social glee,
Who find in ilka mound their A B C.

# LXXII

Bald as a bullet seems each mountain top,
Dry as the desert, shrubless one and all;
No heather bells the hungry birds to crop,
No ants or beetles o'er the bare rocks crawl;
Silence alone sits brooding o'er the wold,
With man and beast impatient of the cold.

#### LXXIII

But longest Alpine climbs must have an end,
And on the watershed we stop to breathe;
And resting there we find a sodger friend,
With wife and bairnies squatted on the heath,
His bag and baggage all on one go-cart,
In moving which each messmate takes a part.

## LXXIV

A something in the father we discerned
Of the old soldier, in this deep disguise;
And on addressing him we quickly learned
His name and calling, as with tearful eyes
He told a piteous tale, with honest mien,
That in his youth a soldier he had been.

## LXXV

His name Macgrigor, of the Forty-twa;
Worn out by service in full many a clime;
That he had borne his load to the last straw,
And invalided almost in his prime;
And cast upon the world almost in rags,
His goods and chattels all in three old bags,

#### LXXVI

With pension fivepence daily! Nothing more!
Starvation staring him full in the face,
And forced at last to beg from door to door,
And smother in his bosom his disgrace,
A little tinkering of pots and pans
Helping him to eke out his daily plans.

#### LXXVII

Petitions and addresses made in vain
Unto the Minister of War, his last resolve
Is to the QUEEN HERSEL all to explain,

Though that must necessarily him involve In trouble and expense and trudging far, For he has shaped his course down to Braemar.

#### LXXVIII

Wishing him all success, again we mounted
Our dilly, shocked at all we heard and saw,
That thus a soldier's life should be discounted,
And forced an ugly inference to draw,
That British soldiers, when they're invalided,
Live ill provided for, unheard, unheeded,
That higher rates of pension in all ranks are needed.

## LXXIX

Swiftly we rattle down the well made road,
As soon a dribbling rill begins to run;
Light as a feather seems the heavy load,
Warmer and warmer grows the evening sun,
When through the haze, transparent, distant far,
We spy the winding Dee and green Braemar.

# CANTO EIGHTH.

Í

But let us turn our thoughts from this old man;
The air is filled with incandescent wars;
Europe in flames cries England to the van,
And England heaves her helmet to the stars.
Her empire thought in danger, guarantees
Are sought for on the soundest of all pleas.

П

Once more the Sultan Ottoman, in trouble,
Is threatened with disruption of his realm;
The promise to support him a mere bubble!
Proclaimed unfit to stand by his own helm;
And strongest strings to lead him on are twined,
Where'er a Conference may have a mind.

111

In Egypt a bold Arab Shiek aspiring
To power supreme in council and in camp,
From the Khedive's most rightful rule retiring,
Has in the brooding darkness lit his lamp,
And held it up to guide his steps to power,
And make himself the hero of the hour;

1V

And in old Alexandria defies
Other authority than his to rule;
And snaps asunder the most potent ties
That bound him to the Sultan and his school
Ambassadorial, in Stamboul idling
All able men, his Arab chargers bridling.

v

And England, faithful to her ancient friend,
Has unto Alexandria sent her fleet,
Aye, ready to the Porte a hand to lend,
And set it once again upon its feet,
And bring the Arab chief unto his bearings,
And overawe him with her do and darings.

VΙ

Let such momentous incidents command
Our thoughts, our tongue, our pencil, and our pen.
Tremendous tidings have just come to hand,
Such as the world may never hear again,
Where might was paramount and brave men fell,
A famous city making one hot hell!

VII

Too proud to heed a summons to surrender
His forts, his ammunition, and his guns,
Stern Arabi, the resolute defender,
Stood at defiance 'mid his Afric sons,
When British ironclads launched their shot and shell
And battered all to ruins in one spell!

### VIII

Hoisting a flag of truce as asking quarter,
The British admiral flagged Cease to fire!
When the shrewd pasha, like an artful Tartar,
Withdrew his army in revengeful ire,
And to the flames gave up great Pharaoh's city,
Regardless of humanity or pity.

#### IX

Yes! Alexander's, Cleopatra's city,
Blazing like wildfire on all hands was seen,
And fellahs from the jails, Copts from the jetty,
Spread the fierce flames along the lurid scene,
Another Moscow making on the Nile,
Where lately every face was seen to smile.

## X

And those who fled lost everything they had,
And those who stayed behind were slain outright;
And tender women in white muslins clad
Ran through the streets in most bewildered plight,
Where mosques and minarets of high renown
And domes and palaces went thundering down.

## ΧI

Masters of the position—the ship's crews
Landed in force to have a bit of fun,
A pastime no true sailor could refuse,
Helping the wounded, spiking every gun,
Most guns dismantled, fractured, or upset,
Lying like logs upon each parapet.

### X11

And broken shells lay round as thick as hail,
Some unexploded ones with unburnt fuses,
Some wrought-iron frontlets of but small avail,
Some riddled through, some dinted o'er with bruises,
And many an armless, legless, headless man
Lay stiff and cold beneath some hostile scan.

#### X111

And in one fort were found a heap of men
Naked as born, and scorched all o'er with fire,
Unkennable even to a parent's ken,
As lately drawn from a funereal pyre,
All lost their regimental rank and names,
A Holocaust unto the demon flames.

### XIV

And many a tar there recognised his shot
Effective still, and little worse for wear,
And on the ground marked many a bloody blot,
And bits of bandages, and scraps of fare,
And pots of brass and iron, of patterns rare,
Void of their water, hang in the warm air.

## χv

A thousand splendid guns, part of the prize,
Were captured there, and rendered dumb for ever;
Whilst pieces manifold, of minor size,
Fit only for a barge upon a river,
Fell to the victors, resolute as strong,
Unlimbered lay the battlements among.

### XVI

Here a long bolt stuck in a big gun's muzzle,
As one Jack Robins on some day will tell,
And make plain-sailing this most striking puzzle,
And every gun was grazed with shot or shell;
That bolt shot by the *Monarch* from a turret,
When out of round shot such bolts only for it.

#### XVII

And swarthy slaves set free colossal shot,
Collected carefully into a pile,
Securing for each one an honest scot,
Which the blue-jackets witnessed with a smile,
Shots from the Agincourt and Temeraire
Expended largely in the late affair.

### XVIII

And water-bearers, girt with skins well filled,
Stalked 'mongst the wounded, offering for sale
Cups of cold water, to such service drilled,
Needy and frugal, late let out of gaol,
Reaping a harvest 'mongst the dead and dying,
But to the penniless such draughts denying.

## XIX

And pariah dogs prowled round, and on the dead
Their empty stomachs filled, and lapped their gore,
Of the Feringh visitors in dread,

So lately in their long-boats come ashore; And kites and vultures screaming overhead Marked out some victim on his bloody bed.

#### XX

And in a wicker cage, secure from harm,
A little blackbird hopped from spar to spar;
And in the plenitude of its alarm
Uttered instinctively—Bai Khuberdar!
As the poor minah's master, cold and dead,
Lay doubled up beneath the bird he fed.

### XXI

But little damage there the ships befell:

A few round shot lodged in parts undefended,
As the despatches of the siege will tell,
Which by the ships' own engineers were mended.
The killed and wounded marvellously few,
In number hardly that of a boat's crew!

## XXII

Now strong patrolling parties thread the town—
Sailors, marines, and soldiers of the line;
Those streets, late rich in commerce and renown,
Where each bazaar of yore was seen to shine,
Now silent as the desert, save the fire
Crackling progressively destruction dire;

## XXIII

Save where the Bedouins, intent on plunder,
Practised their calling, bold in their impunity,
Tearing humanity's strong ties asunder,
Wrecking the strongest holds of the community,
Destroying what they could not take away,
And spreading round them terrible dismay.

### XXIV

But martial law proclaimed restored good order,
Giving security to man and woman
Where every district had its own recorder,
Whose fiat was conclusive, and where no man
Dared raise his hand against another's life,
Which gave security to child and wife.

## XXV

And now scared refugees, from hiding places,
From ships and vaults, to their old haunts return,
With anxious thoughts and woe-depicted faces,
Whose goods and chattels still went on to burn;
Their humble cots and high pretentious halls
Roofless, and little left but the bare walls.

### XXVI

And Pompey's Pillar stood alone in glory,
The only vestige of old Greece and Rome,
And some old obelisk all lost to story,
And some kiosk with classic marble dome,
Where an old dervish called aloud to prayer,
And with his lamentations rent the air.

## XXVII

But breaches in the towers are being mended,
And new defensive works extemporized,
For Arabi's return is apprehended,
And 'Send more men ashore' is signalized,
And wood and water treasured up for use,
And stringent orders given against abuse.

#### XXVIII

Meantime the Conference in Stamboul sitting,
Where long they've sat, irresolute in aim,
Like claimants for possession, as was fitting,
Bethink them of their policy with shame,
And stir once more in favour of the Porte,
And ask its counsel as a last resort.

#### XXIX

But the wroth Sultan, resolute, declines

To send an army into such a hubble.

'No regiment of mine shall leave its lines!

Just as they can, let them get out of trouble.

No cat's-paw shall they make of us, we swear,

And if their nuts get burnt, that's their affair.

## XXX

'Our empire's made a quarry! whence are dug Kingdoms and principalities and powers By Conferences skilled in each vile drug, Given us to lull to sleep in waking hours, And will away our lands, our wood and water, By subterfuge, or, failing that, by slaughter.

## XXXI

'Greece, France, the Czar, the Slave, the Hun, in short With their own lands our provinces have blended; And now comes England, as it were in sport,

To have with Egypt her domains extended,
And make a stepping-stone to Hindostan,
Ready with her last million and last man,

## XXXII

'Oh Honesty! oh Justice! Hide your heads!
Oh Charity and Mercy, whither flown?
Thy Magna Charta, soiled and torn to shreds,
You've in the face of the great world thrown,
Where pardon for even robbery is bought,
And all their Ten Commandments held as nought.'

#### XXXIII

But where is Arabi and all his host?

Not far away; just out of reach of gun,
His bag and baggage in the meantime lost,
Camped and entrenched beneath the burning sun,
Buoyed up by fervent hopes of vengeance dire,
Stern retribution planning in his ire,

### XXXIV

Ditch within ditch and ramp on ramp constructing,
Which on the smoking ruins seem to frown,
His line across the isthmus there conducting
Fresh water and the rail into the town.
A lake impassable on either flank
Might well cause the assailants to look blank.

## XXXV

The Porte's allegiance casting to the wind,
A Holy War he has proclaimed afar;
Through Araby, through Persia and Ind,
He calls adherence to his rising star:
The Crescent, not the Cross, his battle-cry,
All Christendom preparing to defy!

#### IVXXX

Nor lightly holds Britannia his threat.

More ships, more guns, more men, more ammunition
Are ordered off, by Cabinet Council met,
Open to their responsible position.
The tocsin sounding through the British Isles
Re-echoes the dread call, mid tears and smiles.

#### HYXXX

And many a father bids his son God-speed,
With many a mother and beloved wife,
And many a fair maid's heart begins to bleed
As she asks blessings on some loved one's life;
And grave misgivings heave in many a breast,
Which cloud the spirits and disturb the rest.

### XXXVIII

And wills are made, and codicils to wills,
And uniforms provided, light as air,
Short visits made and payment of long bills,
Exchanging photographs and locks of hair,
Inscribing albums, leaving loving lines,
Filled with each hope around the heart that twines.

## XXXIX

Affectionate adieus now got and given,
And promises to correspond unbounded,
And fondest household ties asunder riven,
The order to 'Fall in' was sternly sounded,
And 'Partant pour la Syrie' filled the ear,
Which lookers-on returned with a loud cheer.

### XL

Now Majesty Most High inspects the ships, And princesses patrol the orlop decks, And *pree* the soldiers' coffee with their lips, The steaming contents willing to annex; And the Queen's soldier son, in high command, A grand example sets to all the land.

## XLI

No grander armament e'er left our shore,
Freighted with the élite of British zeal;
The ships the largest that the sea e'er bore,
The foe they sought scarce worthy of their steel;
The greatest enemy to dread the sun,
But not the Bedouin, or his long gun.

## XLII

Each man a hero in his own esteem;
Each stay-behind, regretful, mopes at home.
Now all before them seems but as a dream,
And all behind them surging on the foam;
But hopes run high of merited promotion,
Or on the battle-field or on the ocean.

## XLIII

Now safe aboard ship everyone is stowed,
With barely room to stretch a crampy limb—
The humble private and the knight and lord—
As on the deep the mighty steamers skim,
Sea-sick and heart-sick many a one, I ween,
The seasoned soldier or the jolly green.

#### XLIV

Six days of penance, and six sleepless nights,
Bring them in sight of Egypt's sandy shore,
As red flamingoes flap their lazy flights,
And on the beach the lofty billows roar,
And seemingly to overtop the strand,
And inundate with brine the thirsty land—

#### XLV

That mother-land of letters, arts, and sciences,
Of miracles, and mysteries, and evils,
Of architecture and its vast appliances,
The land of heathen idols, gods, and devils;
Land of the palm, the camel, crocodile,
And ever-fertilizing river Nile!

### XLVI

That land where Pharaoh reigned, where Moses schooled His Israelites to spurn their tyrant's yoke; Where they his every ordinance befooled, And from his hated jurisdiction broke, And crossed the Red Sea dry-shod, every man, With every laden ass and caravan.

### XLV11

That prehistoric land where human nature
First rose triumphant over savage life;
Where pigmy men, and men of giant stature,
Wasted their days in never-ending strife.
Religion's chosen land, where man aspired
To rival God Almighty, fury-fired!

#### XLVIII

A land which links the East and West together,
The battle-field of nations of all time;
Where man claimed right to sacrifice his brither,
His wife, or daughter, thinking it no crime;
Where man became a beast, and worshipped bulls,
The land where Arabi, the pasha, rules!

### XLIX

Now, reinforced with men and warlike stores,
The little army camp along the shores,
Making secure their perilous position,
Trenching and ramping up both front and rear,
Each soldier of the line a pioneer,
All sparing carefully their ammunition.

Τ.

The ways and means of getting water planned, And making water-tight the thirsty sand,
In wells and reservoirs, wherever needed,
Repairing roadways, railways, huts, and bunds,
Filling each regimental chest with funds,
Nothing prospectively in quest unheeded.

LI

Effective on stout trucks big guns were mounted, A dozen, at the least, there might be counted,

A novelty in war, a force portendous;
The trucks made shot and shell-proof, one and all,
Impenetrable as a rubble wall,

A forty-pounder in the van tremendous.

#### LII

One day in battle order they deployed,
By Arabi's artillery annoyed,
Until at fighting-distance they detrained,
And volley after volley quickly fired,
Till Arabi respectfully retired,
But from pursuit most prudently refrained.

### LIII

"Twas but a *feint*—a simple sort of feeler,
The only way of getting a revealer.
When, evening setting in, they all withdrew,
Their killed and wounded carefully entraining,
Their lines at Ramleh speedily regaining,
Ready next day the conflict to renew.

## LIV

Meantime promotion, like a shower of manna,
Falls thick upon the army and the fleet,
And officers and men a loud hosanna
Raise to the Queen as the *Gazette* they greet;
The best reward in store for men of war,
Or in their native land or distant far.

## LV

And seniors, who had long, first of their rank,
Struggled with difficulties ill to bear,
Now open an account with some safe bank,
And for more pleasant lines in life prepare,
When they their swords and sabres lay at rest,
With Alexandria's medals on their breast.

# LVI

Now, by the Conference impelled, the tardy Porte Some ships, and stores, and troops, has ordered off Unto the seat of war—a last resort.

But British commandants their valour scoff, And doubting their assistance in their cause, On consultation fit reflect and pause.

### LVII

Their absence better than their presence thought,
To let them land in Egypt indiscreet;
The ultimatum given them held as nought,
They all are landed on the shores of Crete;
And British prowess singly hand to hand
Has thought it best their aid to countermand.

### LV111

To make amends more troops are now required, And daily reinforcements come to hand; With military ardour duly fired,

More camping ground, though bad, is in demand, And the dull *dunes* are lighted up with tents, With far and wide white canvas tenements.

## LIX

Sandy their floors, transparent are their walls,

Their tent-poles bending to the fresh sea breeze,
Made welcome to blow through their inmost halls,

And ventilate each corner, as may please,
Strange cricket-creatures chirping them to rest,
Hot as a sand-bath every bed there pressed!

#### LX

And monster lizards leave their holes by night
And ramble round the bed-feet, much alarmed,
And to the night's dull ear complain of right,
That in their deep recesses they are harmed,
In tones unearthly, eldritch-like, and ghoulish,
A mixture of the raven and the owlish.

## LX1

And rainfalls there are none, and cloudlets none,
But sand impalpable drives on the wind,
Which rests on every table, every stone,
Fit for a finger-graver if inclined,
The fierce sun scorching even their very bones,
Which is endured with sundry grins and groans.

## LXII

And even the sea is tepid as the sand,
And the rough shore is strewed with ocean's spoils,
Dead shells and crabs and weeds driven in to land,
And ocean's offal which the bare foot soils,
For there the sea is tideless to a fault,
And its dry wreckage crusted o'er with salt.

## LX111

And perspiration trickles down their backs
Whilst sitting at their ease upon a chair,
Which makes them envy the poor fellah blacks
With nothing but one flimsy robe to wear;
And flies and ants by day, and gnats by night,
Bring their condition to a piteous plight.

#### LXIV

First element of life on earth or sky, Fresh water at the last in requisition, The Grand Canal cut through, the tanks drawn dry, Almost untenable is their position; And wells and distillation hardly meet The wants of crowds complaining in each street.

#### LXV

But when the trumpet calls on them To Arms! Each to his post with energy repairs; Ready, aye, ready, for stern war's alarms, Though taken by surprise and unawares, Perhaps to bivouac upon the sand, As ordered by the general in command.

# CANTO NINTH.

Ī

AT last, the Cynosure of all men's eyes,
Renowned Sir Garnet, has made his appearance,
And taken chief command. The enterprise
Begun in earnest, and to his adherence
All good Egyptains of every caste
Called to his beck, forgiving them the past;

П

Entreating them their fealty anew
To make to the Khedive with hand and heart,
Asking each Fellah and each Spahi true
From rebel Arabi at once to part,
Vowing his government should be upheld,
And every traitor knave from power expelled.

H

To the Khedive a formal visit paying,

He tendered his support with troops and fleet,
And Arabi's position then surveying

With telescopic quest, though keen, discreet,
He forthwith planned his order of assault,
In which no present man could find a fault.

IV

A council general in Ramleh holding,
At which all *pros* and *cons* were in debate,
And his deep-studied plans to them unfolding,
Which every councillor received elate;
A secret order for an expedition
Was forthwith given, all arms in requisition.

V

And next day in the afternoon embarked
A little army, perfect in equipment,
But whither bound no commandant remarked,
Though all bore evidence of quick transhipment,
Provisioned for a week with wood and water,
And every requisite for sack and slaughter.

VΙ

At length like an armada, the whole fleet
Stood off to sea, under both sail and steam—
Its destination, as was thought discreet,
Still secret kept is—a favouring wind abeam,
And anchored in the Bay of Aboo-keer;
Though why it did so one day shall appear.

VII

No shot or shell exchanged, they after dark
Weighed anchor, and again stood out to East,
Hugging the shore, when dogs were heard to bark
As all sat down unto a sea-pie feast;
And when the morning broke without a hitch
They found themselves all safe in the Big Ditch,

#### VHIL

The Suez Grand Canal, and each defender
Driven from his forts, his guns and ammunition,
Obliged in their distraction to surrender
(A precious windfall for the expedition),
So from Port Said to Suez every post
Unto the Pasha Arabi was lost.

#### 1X

That great Canal opposed in its formation,
As a chimera and a sink of wealth,
By greatest men of every naval nation,
The grand projection carried out by stealth;
And made the highway for the world's emprise,
And wonderful to all commercial eyes.

### v

Now ships of every nation, every clime

Its water gates pass through at ransom prices,
Stealing long marches on old Father Time,

Large fortunes netting by Lesseps' devices,
Yielding a revenue of such amount
As only a financier could count.

## ΧI

Ishmailia for a rendezvous saluting,
Ship after ship steamed through in perfect order.
And a *pied-à-terre* at once effecting,

Formed line along Lake Timsah's slimy border; A railway there with trucks for transport standing, Of precious worth to any force there landing.

#### HX

As bees buzz out of hives, each ship a hive
Crammed full of soldiers and their ammunition,
So quick as lightning every man alive
Jumped out ashore, and took up his position,
Around their regimental colours mustering
Like bees around their new queen thickly clustering.

#### X111

Few accidents were there, no man was drowned:

But a marine slipped off a steep incline,

A man amongst his *camarades* renowned;

And as he floundered stoutly in the brine,

Was fished up with a boat-hook, almost dead,

And spread out then to dry in a straw shed;

### XIV

A blathering, blustering, useless sort of fellow,
Great at a hop, but greater at a spree—
Though never drunk, yet often was he mellow—
A ready party at a song or glee,
A native of Old Erin's happy Isle,
Known to his messmates as that rum old file.

## xv

Meantime the venu of the war is altered,
And Kaffirdwar, entrenched, is unassailed,
And Arabi in his advance has faltered,
And prudent plans on both sides have prevailed;
Discretion thought the better part of war,
As rash encounters fortune ofttimes mar.

#### XVI

And Pharaoh's city to make more secure
The sea once more is put in requisition,
And Mariōtis with salt water pure
Is deluged to the full with expedition;
And Kaffirdwar is turned, and in its rear
The boats marine, well armed, will domineer.

#### XVII

And every man disposable is drawn
From Alexandria and Ramleh too!
And at Ishmailia, as on a lawn,
Have been inspected at a Grand Review,
And in light order to the last detail
Are ordered on to Kassassin by rail.

### XVIII

Now comes the tug of war. The desert dry
Lies all before them frizzling in the sun,
No hill or dale, or shrub to glad the eye,
One boundless waste of sand, of drabby dun,
Where even a nettle could not make a living,
Or a gaunt goat exist without misgiving.

## X1X

Though God has cursed the soil, yet man has led
A wimpling stream of water from the Nile.
On which, like em'ralds strung on silver thread,
Some cultured greeneries are seen to smile,
Like milestones marking stages on the waste
At times by a fair Fellah Hebe graced

#### XX

As harts frequent the brooks, the Fellaheen Oft domicile themselves along the stream; And at wide intervals fixed camps are seen— And much more formidable than they seem -Where heavy guns look out upon the stranger, Who, till he hears them, knows not of his danger.

### XXI

But now the vital stream is shrunk and low, And turbid is the water and polluted; The enemy have dammed it in its flow, A water famine everywhere is mooted; On! on! to Cairo! the march is sounded, Along the water-course by desert bounded.

## XXII

First one and then another fort was carried, At no great cost of life to horse and man; And many an Arab hut and tent was harried, By followers upon a circumspective plan. But all obstructions were at length removed, And the dull current in its course improved.

### HIXX

And steamboat launches followed as by rule, With stores and ammunition right well loaded; And many a stolid buffalo and mule Unwillingly unto the front was goaded; And gaunt ships of the desert not a few Groaned grievously, unto such burdens new.

#### XXIV

A stronger fort was reached at Kassassin;
A greater garrison was there engaged,
Forty and fifty pounder guns within,
And hot and long the fierce contention raged,
Arabs and Bedouins alike in bravery,
Proud of their caste, though born and bred in slavery.

#### XXV

But all in vain, though somewhat overtasked

The British vanguard firmly held their ground;
There Arabi his greatest strength unmasked,

His chosen troops in many a fight renowned;
Yet victory though won was rather dear,
As from the field's despatches we shall hear.

### XXVI

But here they for a time their march forbear;
Men cannot live on air and burning sand;
Much time and skill were needful to prepare
The necessaries for a force so grand:
For ways and means to mitigate the clime
Are landed now in affluence sublime.

## XXVII

And old campaigners smile at the good taste
Displayed by Downing Street in such profusion,
For man and horse, without regard to waste,
Approaching very near to a delusion:
The coddling of Britannia in her eld!
Thinking no good thing should be now withheld.

#### HUYXX

And yet the rank and file are weary waiting,
And the wide world is weary of delay;
Weary of conferential debating,
And balancing in scales the yea and nay;

Weary of hero-making out of little,
With little more to do than eat their victual.

### XXIX

'Now front to front the hostile armies stand,'
The Cross and Crescent each to each opposed;
Nor long they stand, in evolutions grand
The mettle of their steeds will be disclosed,
And Tel-el-Kebir's ramparts so renowned
With British rank and file will soon be crowned.

## xxx

At last the troops from India debark,
A strong contingent, seasoned to the sun,
All bred to work, their chief a man of mark,
Equipment perfect, small arms and in gun,
Along the grand canal of Suez crowd,
To emulate their home-bred brothers proud.

## XXXI

No superfluities for camp have they,
One little tent two officers contenting;
A bangy-wallah in each master's pay,
For rations, on the public stores indenting;
Cotton all over, each one's daily dress,
All sitting down in harmony at mess.

#### HXXX

Strange in their uniforms and Oriental,
In lightest fabrics suited to the sun;
Camp equipages each set transcendental,
But strictly British each fusee and gun.
Camp followers in number numberless,
Hindoo and Moslem, courteous in address.

#### HIXXX

Slender the native soldiers; chargers light,
Foaled in the desert, swift as the gazelle;
Their tents all double, new, and snowy white,
In which a Persian princess well might dwell;
Speaking vernaculars, unknown, uncouth,
Fit for their dusky followers, forsooth.

## XXXIV

And brothers that had parted in their youth,
Now grey with age, their brothers met again;
Distinguished both men, in their line in truth,
Though war-worn, yet effective fighting men,
Remarkable upon the martial scene
Proud of their service, of their Kaizereen.

## XXXV

And the Brigade the Highlanders has come,
With pibroch pealing wildly o'er the sand;
Shorn of their nodding plumes, in trousers some,
Some in their plaids and philibegs so grand,
Straight from Auld Reekie, which they gently graced,
As o'er its granoliths they softly paced.

### IVXXX

And friendship and good-fellowship were there,
As kinsmen kinsmen, clansmen clansmen greeted,
From banks of Ness and Dee, and Doon and Ayr,
And clachan stories each to each repeated,
As in the starlight, squatted on the sand,
They passed the loving cup from hand to hand.

### XXXVII

The earth, the air is still, and silence reigns:
Yet hopes and fears through Albion prevail;
The world is big with its parturient pains;
One almost hears the coming woe and wail,
As in predicted storms from the far West,
Which, though in transit, break the public rest.

## XXXVIII

To-morrow! Aye! To-morrow on the wire
With lightning-speed astounding news will come,
The dooms of destiny will then transpire,
Filling with sorrow many a happy home,
Filling with joy full many a constant heart,
That a fond lover there played well his part.

## XIXXX

On Tuesday, after dark, all tents were struck,
And three days' rations stowed into each sack
(Each soldier eager to display his pluck),
With ready access to a hasty snack;
The heavy baggage sent unto the rail
Or the Canal, in bulk or in detail.

#### XL

Now leaving Kassassin, where long they tarried, They spread upon the desert like a fan, And forming a rude line were forward carried, Sir Garnet and his henchman in the van; And at the wee sma' hour ayont the twall They bivouacked across the Sweet Canal.

#### XLI

Dark was the night and heavy was the footing,
Hard were their beds, but comfortably cool;
Still as the grave was all save some owl hooting,
And the unwelcome bray of some rude mule;
Yet for an hour or more they dreamt or slept,
As through their ranks full many a lizard crept.

## XLII

Up men, and On! was passed from flank to flank,
So in a twinkling all the men were ready;
And onward strode as in the sand they sank
Up to the ankles, gravelled, and unsteady,
And many a pitfall, many a rolling stone
Marred their advance and called forth many a groan.

## XLIII

As Tel-el-Kebir and its ramps they neared,
A halt was whispered (bugles none allowed),
And piling arms until daylight appeared,
Enveloped in the dust as in a cloud,
When to their feet they sprang with bated breath,
Soon to encounter victory or death.

### XLIV

As bursts the ocean o'er its stubborn shore,
By earthquake's shock upheaved, engulfing all
The tenements of man in one long roar,
And making one wide watery funeral,
So the stern army with a screaming cheer
Broke o'er the earthworks in their mad career.

#### XLV

No waste of shot was there, but the cold steel
In each man's hands did dreadful execution;
And soon the host within began to reel,
And general became the dissolution,
As Arabi well mounted rode away,
Glad to escape from such a fell affray.

### XLVI

Two thousand men lay dead within the ditches,
And sixty heavy guns became the prize,
But little there was found in shape of riches
To gladden with a glance the soldiers' eyes;
Yet their short commons well were supplemented,
And rich in victory all were contented.

## XLVII

But victory though won was incomplete,
Full fifteen thousand men had got away;
But cavalry and guns, in their retreat
Brought the absconding regiments to bay,
And forced them to lay down their loaded arms,
And cry for mercy in their dread alarms.

#### XLVIII

Not ours the proud prerogative to give

Each hero's name or part in the transaction;
But in the rolls of glory they will live,

Accredited unto the utmost fraction,
And fathers, mothers, in each fervent prayer
Will thank their God a son of theirs was there!

#### XLIX

And Tel-el-Kebir's name will have a place
Second to few amongst the world's wars,
And till the exit of the British race
Each ancient warrior will thank his stars
That his forefathers thus could make a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame!

Τ.

The war in fact is ended! Some details,
Some outposts holding out, have since submitted;
Even Kaffirdwar, proud-seated on the rails
Has cried for pardon and has been acquitted;
And Aboo-keer, untouched, has oped its gates,
And on the flat of Sir Garnet waits.

LI

All's now couleur de rose to each one's taste,
And Arabi a prisoner is made
By Life Guards ent'ring Cairo in haste,
And barracks for their use have been surveyed;
And Wolseley has made good unto the letter
His promise, and has made the Crown his debtor.

# CANTO TENTH.

Ι

A MODERN Goshen now is opened up
With rich fertility on either hand,
Where every man can fill his can or cup,
And every luxury in life command,
On this the main branch of old Father Nile,
Where industry and produce ever smile.

Ιĭ

Strong in its overflow, blind streams are groping
Their ways obstructive onwards to the sea,
Whilst sugar-canes grow dense on every sloping;
And cotton plants of precious degree,
And Indian corn, and wheat, and oil abound
From gently scratching of the fertile ground.

III

And bunds, and roads, and rails in each direction
Give easy transit through the deluged plains,
Where every rood of ground and each transection
Is richer made by Abyssinian rains;
And Copts can live, and love, and rear their families,
Contented with their lot, as every camel is.

1 V

And dahabeyahs stem the turbid tide,

Under a press of sail that seems immense;

And palms torn from their roots and from their pride

Float downwards, vast in their circumference;

And geese, and cranes, and pelicans in scores,

Fish for their living on the shelving shores.

v

And natives climb the date-trees like a squirrel,
And tap their juices for rectification—
At every yard they climb in seeming peril—
And make of them a perilous potation,
That makes men drunk, or imbecile, or mad,
And good-for-nothing as the stalest shad.

VΙ

And boats uncouth seem to have wandered far
Into the flooded fields driven by the wind;
And many a cottage, many a white minar
Bathes in the sacred tide of many a kind,
And here and there a crocodile is seen
Asleep upon the sand in armour green.

VII

And now and then an ibis, as 'tis said,
Walks in and picks his teeth, much like a thief,
Not of his *ivories* a whit afraid,
Security obtained by given relief,
That sacred bird once worshipped as divine
By the old crones of Pharaonic line.

#### VIII

And Cairo its gates has opened wide,
And peace and plenty everywhere prevail;
And British soldiers through its straight streets stride,
And on ripe dates and cocoa-nuts regale;
As Fellaheens peer through their veils with dread,
With antique vases poised upon each head.

#### IX

And mules and donkeys laden crain the town,
And strings of dromedaries pass along;
And men of every hue from black to brown,
And Nubian porters, strongest of the strong,
And manumitted slaves of giant size,
And womenkind all muffled to the eyes.

### X

And domes and minarets on every hand,
And marble palaces and tombs of saints,
In company with hovels on the sand,
Enough to make a landscape-painter faint,
When priests invite the multitude to prayer,
To God and God alone in open air.

## XI

And the Great Pyramid of long-lost years
Is visited with most respectful awe;
And crowds ascend it, their transparent fears
Obliging them on Arab help to draw,
Who bargain keenly for their asked-for aid,
And by uplifting drive a thriving trade.

#### ХП

Stupendous monument of human vanity!

Outliving far the name of its own builder,

A lasting record of some man's insanity,

All future ages destined to bewilder;

Its central cave his tomb, an empty cell,

Where even the moths and worms have ceased to dwell.

#### XIII

If less colossal than the Pyramid,
More elegant in structure is the tomb
Of Egypt's founder, the great Moslem Cid,
Famed Ali Mehemet, sprung from the womb
Of nascent time, to rule with iron hand,
And mould into a monarchy his land.

### XIV

A gem of architecture out and in,
Of polished alabaster every stone,
Where a shod foot is thought a heinous sin,
For which scarce after-penance can atone;
Though young in Art and little known to story,
The Taj in Agra rivalling in glory.

## ΧV

No savages could raise up such a pile,
No architect Italian could excel it;
Its equal stands not in a British Isle.
We've seen them both, and therefore well may tell it;

Yet this is but a solitary sample,
Standing all perfect for the world's example.

#### XVI

Sed Arma cedunt Togæ and Reform Has ta'en their place. Organization new Is needful after such a warlike storm, Which many a broken reed has brought to view. And once again the Conference assembles In sober earnest, as the Sultan trembles.

#### XVII

And his contingent has been nullified; And a new army forthwith must be raised, More stringent measures everywhere applied, All ordinances old at once dispraised; And Egypt for all time must take her place As link connecting all the human race.

#### XVIII

And the Khedive is bolstered up anew, And promised independence and protection; But British subjects, neither weak nor few. Must with his Government have much connection To help him to regain his crippled power With institutions worthy of the hour.

## XIX

The thousands and the tens of thousand men, Stripped of their uniforms, are ordered home, Upon their ploughshares and their tools to fen; Some on their nets and brigantines, and some On their forgotten trades, some on the rails, Some on their scythes, and pruning-hooks, and flails.

#### XX

Whilst the great posse of the rank and file
Rest on their laurels and their nought-to-do,
Camped on an island of the muddy Nile,
Waiting to see what next comes up to view,
Or round the Pyramids in sections roam,
The sick and wounded are now ordered home.

#### XXI

But many a brave man there has gone to rest—
A rest that knows no breaking in the mould;
And some few near relations, deep distressed,
Have claimed some kindred ashes, young or old,
And carried them away amidst the roar
For sepulture upon their native shore.

## XXII

Nor are their foes, the wounded Fellaheen,
Neglected by our surgeons in their need;
And philanthropic ladies there are seen,
Eager the helpless with good fare to feed,
Aiding the higher Art of cultured hands,
Waiting complacently on their commands.

## HIXX

Now the Khedive, restored to pomp and power,
In Cairo resumes his ancient sway;
Though some mistrustful eyes upon him lower,
Most of the Cairènes his rule obey;
And many a rebel, open or concealed,
Has to his magnanimity appealed.

## XXIV

And British Guardsmen guard his risky life,
And make secure the throne on which he sits,
And overawe the all-pervading strife
That through the palace of Ghisireh flits—
A strife for place, for trust, and good position,
Hampered by no restraint, qualm, or condition.

## XXV

And now a general review is held,

The Heavy Horse through all the streets parading,
A union 'twixt the town and crown to weld,

With all the ablest men in office aiding;
And crowned heads telegraph congratulations,
And Christian Kirks of all denominations.

## IVXX

And the Church Anglican has oped its doors,
And blessed the recent war with unctuous zeal,
Both on the Nile and on the British shores,
And on the enterprise has set its seal,
And thanked the God of battles for His aid
To each ship of the line, and each brigade.

# IIVXX

And the stupendous ironclads are withdrawn,
And sent to other seas and other shores;
And justices in ermine, silk, and lawn,
Have told them to repose upon their oars,
And keep their powder dry for future use,
To curb the despot, and to check abuse.

## XXVIII

And blushing honours seem the lot of all,
And medals—silver medals—for each man,
With six months batta (maybe) at his call;
And to the leaders towering in the van,
A peerage each, though both have been maligned,
Which by Her Gracious Majesty is signed.

#### XXIX

But the grand army now is broken up,
And ordered off to a' the airts that blaw;
And every man has quaffed his stirrup-cup,
And at his parting joined in the hurrah.
And diplomates resume their old see-saw,
Each with some nostrum for the ancient Porte;
And in each institution find a flaw,
Unable such abuses to support,
And with their presence crowd the bankrupt Viceroy's
Court.

## XXX

Great joy is now in far-off Fatherland,

Though not unmingled with much deep distress.
The Queen, the Cabinet, and Councils grand,
Pour out their praises in each long address;
And even the Tory party acquiesce,
And listen to the news with looks serene;
And even the Fourth Estate, the Argus Press,
Assume a softer tone, a milder mien,
No eulogy too great their rigid lines between.

#### IXXX

And Continentals long puffed up with pride,
Who British energy had underrated,
Have cast their cynicisms all aside,
And owned with grudge that they miscalculated,
Though on some naked shins the war had grated,
That all mankind would greatly be the gainer,
That all is as it ought to be as stated;
That nothing to their senses could be plainer.

That nothing to their senses could be plainer, That Pharaoh's olden slippers soled anew, Would help the wearer—wary right paths to pursue.

#### HXXX

But joy and grief alternate everywhere;
In Stamboul pain, vexation, shame prevail;
The Sultan, driven almost into despair,
At his own helplessness is heard to wail.
His every institution men assail,
His treasury, his army, and his fleet;
His Crescent ensign in the mud they trail,
The soldiers and the serfs whose bread they eat,
His cup of misery endured make all complete.

# XXXIII

Like an old frigate stranded on the shore,
With masts and rigging standing taut and trim,
Whilst surfy billows o'er her bulwarks roar,
And uncouth fishes round about her swim,
And hopes of getting off seem dank and dim,

Till spring-tide time comes round when helping steam Warps her again in triumph to the sea,
All hands aboard awoke as from a dream,
Working in harmony in social glee,
Making each long day's work a precious jubilee;

## XXXIV

So the Khedive awoke, as from a trance,
Restored to throne, position, and to power,
Emancipated from the fear of France;
Sir Garnet Wolseley hero of the hour,
Almost o'erwhelmed beneath the golden shower
Of old Britannia in her thankful mood,
Whilst round about him stand the very flower
Of British chivalry, the great, the good,
Willing to lend a hand, and take an oar,
And pilot the Khedive off his lea-shore.

## XXXV

A word for Arabi in durance fell,
Awaiting trial for his very life:
What were his crimes more than the crimes of Tell,
Of Bruce, or Wallace, in their noble strife
With foreign lordship when misrule was rife,
And their wronged country trod into the dust,
When despotism ordered its last knell,
And all the rich, the great, the good, the just,
Were over-ruled, disrated, overthrown,
And no one then could call—his life or soul his
own?

## XXXVI

At last the *summum bonum*, the reward

Most prized by armies, commandants, and men,
Has been bestowed with every due regard,
And patriotic souls have said, Am—en!
The Lords and Commons with a like acclaim
Have given them cheques upon the Bank of Fame.

# XXXVII

And eloquence and elegance of speech
Have been exhausted in their fervent praise,
With no sane man their motions to impeach,
Or any terms of reprobation raise;
And their own Queen has signed and sealed their vote,
And ordered medals for each hero's coat.

## XXXVIII

In London now a holiday is held;
The Household Troops, now landed, are returning;
The throngs along the highways vastly swelled,
And patriotism in each breast is burning
As the dense multitude in every street
The horses and the men with welcome greet.

# XXXXX

And but for the police to clear the way,

Quite to a standstill all would have been brought;

Though somewhat hurly-burly was the day,

For standing-room both men and women fought;

And every grocereen had closed her shutter,

And every house with flags was in a flutter.

## XL

And Albany and Knightsbridge did their best
To grace their tables with a sumptuous spread,
And killed their fattest calves, and had them dressed
With extra culinary art, 'tis said;
And speech, and song, and dance the evening ended,
As happy men to bed each trooper wended.

## XLI

But military hospitals are filled
With mutilated officers and men,
And for the time the public voice is stilled,
And in each case is stowed each angry pen.
But best of means and ways, and best of skill,
Watch over every bed and every ill.

## XLII

Would we could say an adequate provision
Awaits on every invalided man!

For the State doles are open to division, devision
And fixed upon the most penurious plan,
A penny-wise and guinea-foolish scale

'Gainst which nor rhyme nor reason can prevail.

# XLIII

Blest is the man who can pay his own way
(Be he a Pensioner, Pasha, or Dey),
And keep from his doorstep the wolf well at bay.
And the constable eagerly prying,

Who lives independent upon his own plan, And owes not a sixpence to woman or man, And dares the disdainful his actions to scan, No poor man a penny denying.

## XLIV

But keeps to his calling like wheel on its axis,
And in a task taken up never relaxes,
And willingly pays to his Sovereign her taxes,
And loyally honours her sway;
And fosters good fellowship one with another,
And each worthy comrade can treat as a brother,
Aye ready foul treason arising to smother,
And makes while the sun shines his hay.

## XLV

But let us not forget the Hapless Three
Who perished in the quest of war's demands,
Their mission made on no dishonest plea,
Bearing their very lives in their own hands;
And most periculous a sack of gold
To pay for purchases as they were told.

# XLVI

Their fate as yet in mystery involved;
All that is known is that all three have perished,
And the old proverb has once more been solved
(For scarce a single ray of hope is cherished),
That Bedouins untamed their blood have shed,
That in their country's cause alone they bled.

#### XLV11

This is the age of cenotaphs and dates,
When every man of mark must have his own,
And men of no mark, sorely tempting fates,
Must have their effigies in wood or stone;
Their riches, not their worth, their hopes insuring,
The world at large their epitaphs enduring.

## XLVIII

But patriotic funds must now be raised,

Their names to keep alive throughout all time,
Where their courageous zeal can be bepraised
In gilded letters and in stately rhyme;
A pyramid of granite in Hyde Park
Worthy alone such sacrifice to mark.

## XLIX

Who are these Orientalists, these men,

These honoured guests high seated o'er the crowd,
Like Persian princes—new to public ken,
Of whom our most distinguished men seem proud:
Models of cavaliers, of courtly grace,
Fit round a Kaizereen to have a place;

L

Spectators of the Mansion House procession,
Which Citydom turns out with lordly art;
The mob astonishing beyond expression,
In which all Ædilites must have a part;
Princes and potentates for one short year,
Almost bewildered with the public cheer?

LI

These are but troopers from the ranks of Ind,
Picked samples if you please, but not untrue;
On horseback fleet as is the hunted hind;
Fit to resist, but fitter to pursue;
True to their salt, true to their Empress Queen;
Proud of her service, proud of their own mien.

LII

Late from Egyptian camps well-known to fame
Brought here to compliment them for their deeds;
Of giant stature, and of mystic name,
Their medals glittering amongst their beads;
The first to follow, and to leave the last;
True to their ancient faith and to their caste.

LIII

Grand tales they'll have to tell when they get home,
In Rajpootana, Rohilkund, or Oude;
Where their Balbuchas round their Busties roam,
Where each his prayers to Allah says aloud;
Where Gungajee and Jumna join their tides,
Where Khader Bux and Peer Khan found their brides.

LIV

Don't talk to me of weariness, my Muse!

Ohe jam satis! will not do for me;

And at your peril my behest refuse,

On any flimsy sort of specious plea.

Now comes the Grand Review held by the Queen,
In all effulgent majesty serene.

#### LV

The wintry winds and rains a flag of truce
High overhead have spread upon the sky;
And all the world of London, trim and spruce,
Is on the tiptoe with each eager eye;
And all the magnates of the Court and Crown
Are now assembled with their old renown.

#### LVI

And all the grace and beauty of the realm
Sit there, refulgent in their silks and laces,
Enough an anchorite to overwhelm;
The rose and lily blended on their faces,
Right fit to cause another Sabine Raid,
When every hero with a captive maid,
Might run away and seek the sheltering shade.

## LVII

And all the fighting men late from the Nile
Within the summon of the Crown are there;
Their uniforms renewed in wonted style,
Proud of their gallantry and martial air,
Led by Her Majesty's own soldier Son,
Worthy the honours he has lately won.

## LVIII

Their bulky equipages left behind,
All on equality they forward march;
Their brusque camp courtesies all re-refined,
Bedizened well with pipe-clay and with starch;
Models of men in armour one and all,
Down from their chief unto the caporal.

#### LIX

The splendour worthy of Imperial Rome,
The triumph of a Cæsar representing,
In never-ending sections on they come,
The awe-struck crowd the Legions complimenting;
The Empress Queen in her Imperial car
Receiving them with all the pomp of war.

#### LX

And everyone rejoiced that for a while
Her rooted sorrow found another scope,
That on the passers-by she had a smile
Which gave good reason for the fervent hope
That happier days were near with nought to mar
The long-hid radiance of her Natal Star.

## LXI

And the vast multitude spectators there,
Moved to the core with loyal admiration,
Breathed forth to heaven a patriotic prayer
For Her and Hers and all the British Nation;
And as Her Majesty drove off the scene,
Intoned the Anthem of 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.'



# EPISODE.

These sketches we have made with pen and ink;
Our task is done—would we had done it better:
We've wasted many a week and many a wink
In trying to make out the town our debtor;
If, like a scentless pointer or a setter,
We've missed our game, and turned up but a lark,
We'll shake off even the Muse's magic fetter,
And in some other enterprise embark;
Write novels, rant and rubbish, by the ton,
The greater balderdash the greater fun.
For in their lines alone—distinction can be won.







